GUIANA—The Whole Story
Special Supplement

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# Trading the Interests of An Ally

As if there were not enough troubled waters for Russia to fish in, the State Department and the Foreign Office have gratuitously created a storm over Trieste and Mr. Vyshinsky has gleefully cast his line. It is a fortunate accident that Mr. Dulles and Mr. Bidault are in London this week-end at Mr. Eden's invitation. Since the Foreign Secretary was on sick leave when the decisions were taken, he can bring a fresh mind to bear on this deplorable muddle.

The fact is that since 1948 any sane solution of the problem of Trieste has been bedevilled by the Anglo-American pledge to give both Zones to Italy. This pledge was made a few days before the Italian elections of that year, just before Marshal Tito broke with the Cominform. It was an irresponsible piece of electioneering designed to give De Gasperi a victory over Togliatti, who then, of course, was allied with Tito. This was why its authors could blithely disregard both the clauses of the Peace Treaty which established a free port and the fact that Yugoslavia would fight rather than cede Zone B to Italy. The pledge was meant, not to be honoured, but to win votes.

It might have been expected that, after one unfortunate experience, the State Department would fight shy of such dubious devices. But not at all. Once again—apparently on the prompting of the irrepressible Mrs. Luce—it has used Trieste in an effort to influence Italian politics. The astonishing decision to hand Zone A over to the Italians in defiance of the Treaty and without any consultation with Belgrade becomes intelligible as soon as we realise that this was the price Mr. Dulles was prepared to pay for an Italian ratification of E.D.C. Was the Foreign Office an accomplice in this plan? Trieste is a small but arduous military commitment—it costs us £2 millions annually—for which we get no thanks from anyone. Undertaken for a few months until the Governor of the Free State was nominated, it became a permanency when the U.S. and Russia could not agree who the Governor was to be. It is intelligible enough, therefore, that any British Government should be anxious to liquidate this commitment; and since any agreed solution between Italy and Yugoslavia had been rendered impossible by the 1948 pledge, the only way to do so was to cut the Gordian knot and allocate Zone A to the Italians, while leaving Zone B under Yugoslav control. This no doubt was what Lord Salisbury agreed at the Little Bermuda conference.

Two things were necessary to make this decision acceptable. First, the cut must be final, and secondly, both sides must be given fair warning of our intention to make it, unless they could reach an agreed solution within a reasonable time. Neither condition was fulfilled. No prior warning was given; and since last week's announcement excluded any reference to the 1948 pledge, Signor Pella has assumed that America and Britain, in due course, will assist him to win some further concessions in Zone B. Naturally, this has outraged Marshal Tito. After all, if America and Britain regard a Peace Treaty as a scrap of paper and then purchase an ex-enemy's support at the cost of an ally's interests, they cannot be surprised when the ally cuts up rough. As for Lord Salisbury and his advisers, if they were really unaware of what Mr. Dulles was up to, they must have been throwing a good deal of diplomatic sand into each other's eyes.

It is now Mr. Eden's task to bring a little honesty into this sordid tangle. He must first extort from Mr. Dulles a public statement that the 1948 pledge to Italy has been repudiated. When this has been done, and Signor Pella knows that Italian expansionism in the Adriatic has no backing whatsoever from either Britain or America, Marshal Tito's proposal for a Four Power conference on Trieste will become a practical proposition. Meanwhile our troops had better unpack their luggage and prepare to stay for a few months longer.

### Progress in Korea

Some progress has been made since the crisis which threatened to disrupt the prisoner repatriation scheme last week. President Eisenhower has gone out of his way to apologise to the Indians for the snarling rudeness of the U.N. command, and together with an influential section of the American Press he has in fact repudiated the recent attacks on the good faith and efficiency of the Indians in the neutral commission. At the same time, the U.N. command has suddenly found it possible to speed up the construction of "explanation" booths so that the facilities asked for by the Communists were ready by midnight on Tuesday, seven days earlier than the U.N. had declared possible. As we write, we learn that "explanations," attempted on Wednesday, met with organised obstruction. This is deplorable; for, despite the fuss made by the U.N. command, the conditions under which the "explainers" are to work are fair, with adequate safeguards against coercion. The problem now is that the prisoners may themselves defeat the purpose of "explanation" by obeying the promptings of Rhee and Kuomintang agents.

The Americans have also agreed this week to the Chinese request for a meeting at Panmunjon to discuss a time and place for the political conference, though the U.S. representative, Mr. Arthur Dean, will not be empowered to make any agreement about the composition of the conference. As another concession, however, he will be permitted to "exchange views" with the Chinese on this question. It seems from this that, while Washington intends to stand by the decision it secured from the last U.N. Assembly against neutral participation, it is at least prepared to let the Chinese state their case for broadening the conference. It may be Washington's intention, in fact, to seek a conference in two stages—the first, limited by the terms of the Assembly resolution, dealing specifically with Korea, and the second, if the first should make good progress, enlarged to include neutral members and empowered to discuss the wider terms of a Far East settlement. This would be a sensible and acceptable proposal.

### Mr. Butler's Trade Optimism

The September trade figures, issued this week, hardly bear out Mr. Butler's optimism at Margate. With imports rising a good deal more than exports, the "visible gap" widened from £42 million in August to £60 million in September; and as the small rise in exports was mainly to non-dollar countries, the dollar gap widened rather more. The balance of payments figures published last week told a similar story, with a deficit of $15 million on the August E.P.U. account turned into a surplus only by $28 million of American aid, and in consequence only a small increase in the gold and dollar reserve. Neither of these pointers is in itself enough to indicate any very definite conclusion about trade; but, for what the figures are worth, a sagging is fairly evident, and that is confirmed by the figures of retail trade, which show additions to stocks without a parallel expansion of sales. In September the E.P.U. account in fact showed a small balance; but this was entirely due to a debt repayment from France. After allowing for such special payments there has been a steady E.P.U. deficit for some months. If Mr. Butler decides to relax further the limitations on imports from Europe in order to placate his fellow-delegates at the forthcoming O.E.E.C. meeting, he will hardly get the surplus he seems to be expecting on British trade with Europe. As for the dollar balance, its future depends mainly on American buying of sterling area materials, which is highly uncertain in view of the doubtful trend of American production. It is too soon yet to call Mr. Butler a false prophet; but it is difficult to see on what he can have been basing his comfortable words to the Conservative Conference.

### Transport Auction

The first batch of goods vehicles to be denationalised is now coming up for auction. The British Transport Commission, whose plans were announced this week, should have little difficulty in selling off the first 10,000 vehicles, though it may find, however, that it will be more difficult to get a reasonable price for the remainder of the 32,000 vehicles it is compelled to sell. The initial 10,000 will be sold in lots as small as four for the first 2,000 as a concession to the "small man," and up to fifty vehicles, presumably with premises, for the remaining 8,000. There seems to be nothing to prevent one undertaking from buying several lots. It seems likely, moreover, that the big firms will enjoy a further advantage. They will have the resources to buy enough vehicles to make an economic unit, whereas smaller buyers, purchasing on mortgage, could soon be driven out of business and their vehicles taken over by the larger concerns.

The Transport Commission's statement leaves many questions unanswered. How much and what parts of its present organisation is to be retained? Is Pickford's, a highly successful undertaking constructed from the railway-owned enterprise and some units of other transport firms, to be kept intact? And are concerns that were in road haulage before nationalisation to be given any preference in the auction? It has been reported that they are to be given the chance of a second tender if their first bids are too low. If this is the case, then the disposal process will have to be watched very closely for tendencies towards favouritism. The conditions of sale are already favourable to the big operators who ran the de-nationalisation campaign.

### Futile Air Race

With the help of the handicappers, an American airliner with a Dutch crew flew, theoretically, from London to New Zealand in 5½ hours. That is how it works out—a flight completed in 50 hours by K.L.M., but with a 44½-hour advantage over the B.E.A. Viscount turbo-prop, which averaged 311 m.p.h. against its rival's 263 m.p.h. This absurdity is a fitting comment on the "flop" of an international air race in which, out of 19 original entrants, only eight took part. In the speed trials a Canberra was bound to win because only Canberras were left (having frightened off all competitors), while the only non-British entry in the transport section was bound to beat the B.E.A. As a proof of relative merits, this was no contest. It added nothing to knowledge of aircraft requirements, and it charted no new skies in navigation. The prizes totalled £29,000, a considerable price for an unimpressive exercise in public relations.

### The Menace of Smog

Some 72,000 deaths a year are accelerated, if not caused, by the effects of atmospheric sewage in the shape of chimney smoke and exhaust from road vehicles. The smog disaster of last winter can happen again; for the concatenation of climatic conditions was not as rare as people think. They were a ground frost accompanied by a ceiling of hot air—a reversal of more usual circumstances in which hot air rises into the colder upper levels, lifting the smoke and fumes.

One of the factors which produces the hot ceiling over cities is round-the-clock central heating and modern slow-burning domestic fires. That would not be so bad if, at the same time, they were not pouring out in wasteful and lethal volume ill-combusted fuel products. There can be only one answer—to make smoky chimneys as serious a public health offence as open sewers. Fifteen local authorities have already obtained, through private Acts of Parliament, powers to impose smokeless zones. Manchester has already such a zone and is proposing to double it. Coventry is doing likewise, and the City of London proposes to forbid the use of furnaces unless they can be operated without emitting smoke. But smoke knows no boundaries, and many local authorities which have no excessive smoke problem of their own, but contribute to their neighbours' difficulties, are taking no action. As the *Lancet* says: "We are in the plight of fish whose stream is poisoned by the effluent of a factory. Our native element is being made noxious to us. . . . Were we indeed fish, stringent regulations would at once come into force to prevent the nuisance."

## BELFAST

### Orange and Green

*A Correspondent in Ulster writes:* Northern Ireland holds its eighth General Election on October 22. In the last House the Unionist Party had 38 out of 52 seats, and the Nationalist Party 9, while 4 were held by Independents, and one by a Socialist-Republican. Labour was without representation. In the present campaign, the "border question," and not social or economic issues, has still been the great divide. Partition apart, the Nationalist Party (Green Tory) is a near relation of the Unionist (Orange Tory) Party.

Ulster's Labour movement is hopelessly divided and workers are given a choice between two Labour parties and several "splinter" groups. The Northern Ireland Labour Party, to which are affiliated the main trade unions (with the exception of the T.G.W.U.), is the Ulster counterpart of the British Labour Party. As such, it receives official recognition and assistance from Transport House. Candidates of the N.I.L.P. are firm supporters of partition, and believe that the link with Westminster should be maintained at all costs. In the 1949 election the Party fell between the Orange and Green stools and was wiped out as a Parliamentary force.

The Eire Labour Party, with headquarters in

Dublin, is strongly opposed to partition. It depends largely on Catholic working-class votes; it argues that Socialism is impossible in Ireland while partition remains, and it accuses the N.I.L.P. of having deserted the ideals of James Connolly. The Northern Party retorts that Eire Labour pays too much heed to the wishes of the Catholic Hierarchy.

In such a situation the Unionists cannot fail to win a majority, but there are signs that the majority may drop. Unemployment and emigration are two of Northern Ireland's greatest problems and trade unionists are worried by them. Usually the Unionist Party drowns discussion of such awkward subjects in a torrent of anti-Catholic propaganda, but this time workers, and certain sections of the press, are demanding something more. Now that the assurances of the N.I.L.P. on partition are widely accepted, there is a possibility that this election may see the beginning of an Opposition, pledged to maintain partition, but, at the same time, opposed to the intolerance and bigotry which have done so much to damage the political reputation of Ulster.

## MARGATE

### Floor and Platform

*A Correspondent writes from the Conservative Conference:* As a political assembly, with only "advisory" status, this Conference falls far short of Labour's. One striking defect is the absence of a Conference Arrangements Committee. Although no limits are set to the number of resolutions which local Conservative associations can submit, the few actually debated are chosen by the Executive Committee—a body part-elected, part-appointed, but in no sense responsible to the Conference. This Executive power undoubtedly accounts for the sustained note of self-congratulation in the resolutions on this year's agenda—and for the fact that all the really contentious issues were passed over.

The most important difference lies in the tacit relationships of floor and platform—the acceptance and assumption of authority. At most, the Conservative Conference expects to criticise, not to sponsor, policy; and the leadership takes the support and trust of the floor almost for granted. How much so was beautifully illustrated by the hasty improvisation of machinery for counting votes on Saturday morning when, for the first and only time in the whole Conference, the floor insisted on a counted vote—on post-war credits. The novelty of democratic procedures was charmingly conveyed in Lord Woolton's comment, during his winding-up address: "What a good thing it is, that when we have a difference, we should be able to express it"!

In a Conference of this character, rank-and-file feeling cannot be easily assessed. But it was soon clear that Sir Winston's proposal for Four Power talks, reaffirmed on Saturday, had failed to carry the Tory Party. There was no applause throughout this key passage of his speech nor, significantly, was there a single resolution on the Conference agenda welcoming his initiative of May 11. It was Mr. Eden who, two days earlier, put it all in its new and official perspective as "just one more effort" by the Government to reduce international tensions. There were also unmistakable signs of dissatisfaction with the Government's agricultural and imperial policies.

Against these discords must be set the fact that the Government has succeeded in silencing, for the moment, that powerful faction led by Mr. Ralph Assheton which pressed hard last year for a major onslaught on the Welfare State. This is an important victory for Mr. Butler. As long as he can continue his policy of tax concessions to business interests and minor cuts in the social services—not enough to lose the Party mass support—he should be able to maintain the Government's position. Sir Winston's announcement that there will be no election this year, nor next if he has his way, was a clear statement of the Government's conviction that there is no immediate danger of an American recession, and that Mr. Butler's compromise policy can be continued for at least another year.

## PARIS

### France and the E.D.C.

*A Correspondent writes from Paris:* In the course of the present year, the number of Frenchmen who appeared to be distrustful of the "European army" policy has seemed to be increasing from month to month. Various committees have been organised to block ratification, most of them without any Communist or fellow-traveller participation. The Communists' hostility to E.D.C. is taken for granted and co-operation with them is avoided, as offering a ready-made argument to the other camp. Even so, it was curious to hear not only that the Right-wing Deputy Pierre André, had created a Parliamentary committee, grouping together many members of the Right and Centre parties, but that another group was meeting for the same purpose with members of the traditional Right, Gaullists, Radicals, Socialists and even M.R.P. members. Despite a variety of motives, most of these people, both Right and Left, agreed entirely with the Gaullist Deputy Gaston Palewski's statement, this summer, that rearming (whether or not in the European frame) a Western Germany whose primary tendency could never cease to be the quest of German unity, was sheer folly and should anyhow not be attempted before a sincere attempt at a Four-Power talk with Russia.

However, Adenauer's victory, and a certain elusiveness noticed in the last Russian Notes, may have discouraged some enemies of E.D.C.; while the pro-E.D.C. camp has been very active trying to create division among its opponents. At Strasbourg, M.R.P. leader Pierre-Henri Teitgen, is said to have exerted great pressure on the Socialist Secretary-General Guy Mollet, dangling before his eyes the vision of a new Centre majority, based on the pursuit of "European" aims, and in which the Socialists could participate. Mollet also claims to have had from a member of the British Government promises of British support for France, if France joins the E.D.C. Anyhow, to the general astonishment, and to the anger of many Socialists, he reversed the French Socialists' position and said the Socialists would be willing to ratify, provided a certain number of guarantees were given (which could easily be purely formal). Inside the Party, the ex-Secretary-General, Daniel Mayer, the Alsatian Naegelen, the ex-Defence Minister Jules Moch—who initiated the idea of a European army but says the Bonn and Paris agreements have nothing to do with the original project—are all actively countering Mollet's influence.

As far as one can figure out the attitude of the various pressure groups, it seems that with the traditional Right-wing divided half and half, a slight advantage for the E.D.C. among the Radicals, the Gaullists and the Communists firm against, the M.R.P. ten to one in favour, it would need the support of the whole of the Socialists for M. Mollet's point of view to secure the treaty. It is true Churchill's speech on Saturday last, voicing again the old threat of the E.D.C. supporters—"if France doesn't ratify, we'll take Germany into Nato"—caused an intense bewilderment among many Frenchmen who, up to now, supported Churchill as the leader of the "Third Camp" and the symbol of the spirit of negotiation with the Soviet Union. Has there been a compromise between Churchill and the Americans, the latter accepting the principle of a Four Power conference in exchange for Churchill's support of their favourite cause? But then, what could a Four Power conference mean with the E.D.C. blocking the way to any peaceful settlement over a free and united Germany?

If, in any case, this kind of blackmail finally resulted in ratification of E.D.C. by the French Parliament, it would still be by a very near majority, with half of France—and precisely the pro-British elements—angry and disgusted with the British Prime Minister.

## ROME

### More Problems for Pella

*Our Rome Correspondent writes:* The Italian radio interrupted its programme to play patriotic songs after announcing the Allied communiqué on Trieste; and Signor Pella told the Chamber of Deputies that the Allied withdrawal from Zone A "constituted a testimonial" to the foreign policy of Sforza and De Gasperi. Others have attributed it to the Premier's own guarded hints, and his supporters' declarations, that a favourable settlement of the Trieste issue might be a precondition of Italian support for E.D.C. Rejoicing has been general in Right-wing and Centre political circles; and even Signor Saragat and his Social-Democrats have joined in praising the Government's "choice" of this interim compromise.

However, as Signor Nenni reminded the Chamber, Parliament itself some time ago voted for the treatment of the Free Territory as a whole; and far from being a triumph for Pella, the Allies' action in washing their hands of the problem has appeared to many observers to be something of an embarrassment to the Italian "caretaker" Government. On the one hand, they have lost for the moment their debating point of the plebiscite proposal; on the other, they are committed to stiffer demands for the possession of Zone B—this in the face of dangerous agitation both in Trieste and in Belgrade. True, the arguments of Signor Togliatti's Communists have become hopelessly confused by the change in the situation; but those of the Socialists—who press for a U.N.-conducted plebiscite—and the Right-wing nationalists, who clamour for Zone B, still have to be met. If Signor Pella sought to make political capital out of Trieste, he may soon have made more than he bargained for.

Meanwhile, with new economic problems to face in Istria, the Government has yet to consider its attitude to labour problems in Italy. In a Senate debate, Signor Roveda (Communist) again demanded Government intervention between Confindustria and the unions. Meanwhile the C.I.S.L., the U.I.L., and the C.G.I.L.—whose joint action produced the 24-hour general strike three weeks ago—have threatened a 48-hour strike of printers if their demands for a new work contract are not met. After unsuccessfully urging a further general strike, the Communist C.G.I.L. has announced a strike of chemical workers; and in the industrial province of Terni, there have been two strikes in protest against the dismissal of 2,000 workers from various plants in the area.

**FRIENDS OVERSEAS**

Readers can now make Christmas Gifts of NEW STATESMAN AND NATION "Acquaintance Subscriptions" to their friends overseas.

*An announcement appears on page 443*

# Back to the Fulton Line

"Worthy of Mr. Dulles—or, to be fair, of Mr. Dulles on one of his good days." In using these unkind words to describe Sir Winston Churchill's Margate speech, *Le Monde* was not unfair. This was his first public pronouncement since he launched his peace initiative on May 11. That British lead had inspired new hope all over the world; but, since Sir Winston's illness, the actions of Lord Salisbury had belied its noble phrases, and the Tory Government had obviously been faltering in its determination to prosecute the Churchill plan. It was natural, therefore, that those who had welcomed the Premier's lead, last May, should have been praying, hope against hope, that last Saturday he would confound the pessimists and show that he at least was determined to execute the policies he had proclaimed five months ago.

These hopes, as *Le Monde* points out, have been bitterly disappointed. The Margate oration was a brilliant piece of rhetoric, which showed that, at 79, Sir Winston is still a virtuoso of party politics. But of the imaginative statesmanship which he displayed on May 11 not a trace was visible. Then he had been at pains to emphasise "the change of attitude and, as we all hope, of mood, which has taken place in the Soviet domains, and particularly in the Kremlin, since the death of Stalin." And he had gone on to state that "nothing in the presentation of foreign policy by the Nato Powers should, as it were, supersede or take the emphasis out of what may be a profound movement of Russian feeling." Last Saturday, his tone was very different. "I asked for very little," he said, referring to his previous speech. "I held out no glittering or exciting hopes about Russia." And, as for the high-level talks, he could only observe: "Though we have not yet been able to persuade our trusted allies to adopt it in the form I suggested, no one can say it is dead." The contrast is unmistakable. After one gallant foray into independence, the old man has decided to retreat to the Fulton line.

The Prime Minister does not believe in half measures. This retreat to prepared positions was made with all the dash of a cavalry charge. On May 11, he had been concerned to reassure the Russians that Britain at least recognised their reasonable claims to security against German aggression. On October 10, his emphasis—and here Mr. Eden had somewhat pallidly anticipated him on the previous day—was on the need to create twelve German divisions as soon as possible. So urgent did he rate this need that he openly threatened the French Government. If the National Assembly delays ratification of E.D.C. much longer, we were told, other arrangements must be made to rearm the Germans and bring them into Nato. No wonder Frenchmen are angry. It was Sir Winston's peace initiative which, more than anything else, put paid to any chance of ratifying E.D.C. this year. But now the prophet of negotiation was bludgeoning France because she followed his lead and postponed German rearmament in view of the Four Power talks.

The Government's excuse for this retreat is twofold. First, Sir Winston argues that Four Power talks cannot take place because Mr. Dulles forbids them; then Mr. Eden chimes in that, despite our reasonable offers, the Kremlin shows no desire for talks. The Prime Minister here is more frank than the Foreign Secretary. Mr. Eden must know that both Peking and Moscow have at least shown a desire to discuss a settlement, and that their repeated overtures have been systematically rebuffed by American policy. In the Pacific, Mr. Dulles's military support for Syngman Rhee, Chiang Kai-shek and Bao Dai has been intensified during the summer, while Mr. Nehru, who sought to bring the parties together, has been insulted and rebuffed. In Europe, Dr. Adenauer has been backed to the hilt, and the Russians have been informed that the only matter on which we are willing to negotiate is the organisation of elections in a united Germany, free to rearm as part of the Atlantic defence system. We have committed, in fact, precisely the mistake which Sir Winston on May 11 was anxious to avoid. To use his own words again, it is clear that the presentation of foreign policy by the Nato Powers *has* "superseded" what may be "a profound movement of Russian feeling."

When Mr. Dulles talks tough, he can at least claim the virtue of consistency. This has been his line ever since he took office, and it was the policy advocated by Mr. Eisenhower when he said that he was prepared to talk with the Russians—but only after they had given proofs of a change of heart. It was in reply to this Eisenhower declaration, and in contradiction to it, that Sir Winston's speech of May 11 was made. After last Saturday we must face the fact that the British peace initiative has been finally jettisoned by its author. After a moment of inspired aberration, a Conservative Government has reverted to traditional Conservative policy, and Britain has retreated from independence to her status as senior satellite of the U.S.

# Socialisation's New Look

There seems now to be widespread agreement that if socialisation of industries is to be extended much beyond its present limits—taken as including steel and road transport—it will be necessary to take over either particular businesses or establishments, or key sections of industries, rather than whole industries. Indeed, as soon as any question arises of socialising any substantial section of manufacturing enterprise, it becomes evident that the models of coal, electricity, railways and civil aviation, will not do.

In steel, somewhat arbitrary lines had to be drawn between firms that were to be taken over and those to be left under private ownership. Labour accepted, not necessarily reluctantly, the fact of competition between the socialised and private sectors over a considerable field. In this case, however, the main objective was clear: it was to take over the large-scale production of crude steel in all its forms, in order both to prevent private monopoly, or cartellisation, and to ensure adequate capital development of a branch of manufacture holding a key position as the supplier of a wide range of essential industries. Crude steel production could not be socialised without socialising a good deal more; for it would have been manifestly foolish, and in many instances quite impracticable, to break up integrated undertakings which produce both crude steel and further products. Therefore a large part of the secondary steel industry had to be taken together with the primary sections; and it was wisely decided that the separate firms which were made public property should retain their distinct entities, subject to the power of the controlling public corporation to make, over a period, such rearrangements as seemed to be called for in the interests of production at low cost.

Thus, in the case of steel, there was to be a corporation owning a large part of the industry and also exercising some control over the private sector, whose main material it would supply, and in a position to plan the future development of the industry as a whole. The separate firms were to be units in a co-ordinated service, each autonomously *managed*, but each playing its part in a centrally directed plan. This was a very practical proposition, involving a business structure not very different in most respects from that of such huge capitalist combines as I.C.I. or Unilever. These are composed of a large number of establishments which they own, and also exercise a substantial control over numerous subsidiary and associated undertakings.

Now it is worth noting that, in spite of the much-publicised defeat at Labour's Conference of the Left-wing nationalisation amendments, the policy which was adopted contemplates the extension of public ownership. If, then, the Labour Party proposes that either key sections of other industries or particular firms should be taken over, is this the sort of structure it has in mind for their administration? Or has it in mind merely to take over a firm or group of firms, appoint a board of directors to manage it, and leave it unrelated to the rest of the industry to which it belongs or to any form of central planning machinery? We have seen in the case of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company what happens when the State, owning the majority of the shares, simply appoints directors and leaves them entirely undirected and uncontrolled. The result is neither Socialism nor good sense.

If socialisation is to proceed by the method of taking over particular firms and placing them under Government-appointed directors—and still more if in some cases firms are to be taken over only in part, by the acquisition of a proportion of the equity—means will have to be devised of making the Government-chosen directors responsible and of getting them to work as a team in relation to the industry as a whole. It will not do merely to have them appointed by the Treasury and financially responsible to the Treasury. If the advantages of social ownership are to be secured, these directors will have to follow a concerted policy devised in the public interest, will have to be responsible to the minister within whose scope the industry in question falls, and will have to be given clear instructions about the line they are expected to take. In order to ensure their devotion to the public interest, they will have to divest themselves of private industrial interests, and to become salaried public servants like the full-time members of the existing public corporations. Some of them, no doubt, will need to give their whole time, as managing directors, to a single enterprise; but many of them will not need to do this, and will be serving simultaneously as directors of a number of concerns, in some cases in more than one industry. The number of men required for this service will be considerable, even

if the same men hold several directorships; and the effect will be the appearance of a new professional career—that of government director of business concerns.

For this career it will clearly be necessary to pick men and to train them as a group, both in the needed techniques of public industrial administration and in the arts of working together. It is highly desirable that the conditions of this new career should be so designed as to encourage young men to enter it, rather than to necessitate taking most of the government directors from those who have already held directorships or high managerial posts in capitalist industry. Has the Labour Party considered this point, or worked out any plans in relation to it? One way would be to let the potential directors serve for a period on the staff of one or another of the existing public corporations, in order to get the atmosphere of public industrial service rather than that of capitalist industry. This could be combined with courses in which men serving in different public enterprises could be brought together for common training and exchange of experiences.

This is only one part of what is needed. If, in a particular industry, say half a dozen firms are being taken over and left as separate entities, what are to be the relations between the directors who serve on these distinct concerns? If the same persons serve on them all, no problem arises; for they will presumably co-ordinate their own behaviour in relation to the various concerns. If, however, they are not all brought together regularly in this way—and perhaps even if they are—there will have to be some general body co-ordinating the policies of the different enterprises, and presumably all the directors concerned will be either members or employees of this co-ordinating body, which will probably include other persons as well—for example, representatives of related industries which are publicly owned, of organised labour, and of the consumer. Has the Labour Party considered what form these co-ordinating agencies should take, what powers they should have, and how they should be related to Ministers and to Parliament?

One big question evidently is whether the bodies which are made responsible for the public sector of partly socialised industries should be given any control over the sector left in private hands. In the case of steel such control was provided for, up to a point; and it was likely to be effective because the socialised agency was to be in control of the essential material used by the private firms. If, however, only a few firms in a particular industry are taken over, unless these firms occupy a very commanding position in relation to the industry as a whole, no similar form of control will be workable. To judge by the Margate Conference, the Labour Party is still putting part of its faith in Development Councils or similar bodies consisting mainly of capitalist and trade union representatives of the industries to be controlled. But is there really any prospect that such a system will work? Employers in most industries have refused to have anything to do with Development Councils; and the Act under which they were to be set up has become almost a dead letter. Only the Cotton Board can be cited as showing the practicability of such a structure; and the position of the cotton industry as a contracting branch of production is highly peculiar. It is most unlikely that a Development Council on the lines so far proposed could take an effective part in the planning of an expanding industry in the public interest.

What, then, should be done? If the socialisation of selected businesses is to take the place, for some time to come, of comprehensive socialisation, there will have to be public agencies, much more powerful and disinterested than Development Councils mainly representing the private producing interests, to ensure that industries neither exploit the consumers nor fail to develop as the public interest requires. The same question will arise as has already arisen in the case of the agricultural Marketing Acts—that of the need to set over the boards representing the producers some impartial authority representing the public. This will have to be some sort of Control Board, consisting mainly of impartial persons—impartial in the sense of not having a profit-seeking or a wage-seeking interest in the industry concerned. On such boards some of the Government directors of the socialised sector could well sit, together with other public servants representing the general economic planning authority without which the entire scheme cannot be expected to work. Such boards could be given a general policy control, both over the publicly owned enterprises and over those remaining in private hands; and they could well be given, in addition, the power to control imports, where necessary to allocate materials, and to plan the investment programme for the industry within the wider directives laid down in the central economic plan.

It does not seem, from *Challenge to Britain*, that the Labour Party has at present anything of this sort in mind. The programme does not appear to contemplate even the establishment of any central planning machinery; and it is entirely silent on the main issue of the relations between the socialised and private sectors. I do not pretend to have solved the problems to which the proposals for selective socialisation by firms (which I believe to be, rightly organised, a sound method) will give rise. I have written this article simply to suggest that if this is to be the new way of socialisation, it needs a good deal more careful thinking out than seems to have been given to it up to the present.

G. D. H. Cole

# London Diary

The row between Mr. Randolph Churchill and the press began at a recent Foyle's Literary Luncheon, summoned to acclaim Hugh Cudlipp as author of *Publish and be Damned*. The speakers included important and serious people with important and serious things to say, but though the luncheon went on until 3.45, neither Lord Beveridge nor Sir Norman Angell ever got a chance of making their speeches. Instead of the few wise and witty words expected by way of chairman's introduction, Mr. Randolph Churchill spent twenty-five minutes virulently abusing the popular press as a whole. Lord Rothermere was his most battered target, but Hugh Cudlipp and the *Daily Mirror* had their share of trouncing. When he had finished, Cudlipp, white with passion, threw the notes of his prepared speech aside and began by telling us of undignified incidents in Mr. Churchill's past. He retorted so effectively that he soon had the Chairman on his feet competing with him for command of the microphone. It was one of those scenes which, as the saying goes, are "unforgettable"; those who missed them "would have paid £100 to be there." This occasion was not mentioned in this column because, unhappily, it occurred on Thursday when Critic had already finished his week's homework. I return to it now because Mr. Churchill, with characteristic tenacity, has repeated himself until people have begun to notice. My own comment is that his criticism of the press as a commercial institution exploiting the public taste for pornography, while true enough, misses the real point. Fleet Street "cheesecake" would be of little importance if it did not take the place of more informative matter. The commercialism of the press has always meant that the really big circulation papers cannot be regarded, as democratic theory pretends they should be, as vehicles of political education or guidance. We all read them for their entertainment value, and most people are given a completely false picture of the kind of world around us by absorbing so much of sex, crime, gossip and the rest. But I have never been able to see why people blame commercial proprietors for providing the public with what they will buy most readily; once we grant the premise that news is a commodity like soap or chocolate, the usual methods of salesmanship must be applied to it. What any thoughtful person has to say of a community which aims at democracy but leaves so much of the job of "Information" to the press barons is quite another matter. Meanwhile I note that the Fleet Street rule still holds that "dog does not eat dog." Neither Churchill nor Cudlipp called the other a son-of-a-bitch.

* * *

The advertiser who recently, in the columns of this journal, offered a "portable typewriter free to deserving writer or researcher," tells me that over 50 people, overcoming their fear of a hoax, sent in claims. A quarter were research workers, for some unknown reason mostly penurious University bio-chemists. Four Labour Party secretaries felt that only a typewriter could save them from being overwhelmed by the sea of letters from Transport House, and one underpaid parson said he could hardly cope with all his sermons unless he could type his notes. But by far the largest group was the novelists, playwrights, script-writers and poets, including several who had already published novels and even articles in The New Statesman and Nation, and, of course, the modest man who has already written an "epic masterpiece" and only needs a typewriter to make himself famous. The portable was finally given to an invalid foundry worker in Walsall who has been living for years on sickness benefit. After completing his first novel, he could find no one in his home town who would help him to get it typed, and it took him 19 months to save the necessary money. Publishers then suggested revisions, but this he could not do for the same reason—no typewriter, no money. "They need to tell me I was a genius," he said, quoting D. H. Lawrence, "as if to console me for not having their own incomparable advantages." It looks as through the Royal Literary Fund, the Royal Society, and the Labour Party should collaborate in founding a typewriter bank.

* * *

Anyone who has followed Labour Party politics for the last thirty years will recall innumerable incidents when they hear of the death of Lord Strabolgi. I particularly recall a conversation with him after the appearance of his autobiography in which, with characteristic modesty, he suggested that he had been a likely rival to MacDonald as Prime Minister. A scathingly ironical review had appeared in this journal. A few days after at a Labour Party gathering I saw this heavy-sailed galleon bearing down on me and braced myself for a broadside. Instead, he put his hand affectionately on my shoulder and said: "Thank you, my boy, for that most discerning review." I have frequently asked myself since whether he had really liked the review or whether he had steeled himself, as a result of many attacks, always to regard any reference to himself in print

as flattering. To be as imperturbable to criticism and ridicule as Strabolgi is certainly an immense political asset, but he had, as I know, a most gentle and friendly side to his character and I have sometimes wondered whether the barbs hurt more than he allowed anyone to know. However that may be, his method of politics was to take not the remotest notice of anything anyone said about him. He first made a political reputation by his persistent and imperturbable questioning of everyone in authority, and whatever one may say of his critical judgment he had the courage to appear on platforms with most unpopular people, impervious alike to charges of consorting with pro-Communists and even pro-Fascists.

* * *

Ellis Roberts, whose death in California I was sorry to see announced this week, succeeded Desmond MacCarthy as literary editor of the *New Statesman* and stayed on for eighteen months after the amalgamation with the *Nation* to help the new Editor. As Richard Sunne he wrote with distinction the "Books in General" page which had already been made famous by Solomon Eagle (Sir John Squire) and Affable Hawk (Desmond MacCarthy), and which was afterwards written by David Garnett, Raymond Mortimer and, recently, mainly by V. S. Pritchett. He was a man of generous physique who looked as if he belonged, as he did, to the Chester-Belloc school of literary Christian Socialism. He was one of the most widely read men I have ever met, and could, on some subjects, show unusual discernment, as anyone who knew Dick Sheppard and read Ellis Roberts' biography will agree.

* * *

I take from an English monthly magazine called *Asia* (published in Saigon) the following account of a Buddhist service in Hiro (near Hiroshima) which was attended by the Mayor and other important persons.

> The solemn service was held in the memory of the "victims" of the recent sanitation drive to exterminate all flies, and to make Hiro "a town without a fly." A prayer especially written, and dedicated to "poor, dead flies" was read in front of the altar by a visiting Buddhist priest. It said, "Dear flies! We always desired to live amicably with any creatures in this world. It is therefore really to be regretted that you did nothing but harm to man, and that we, in consequence, have had to exterminate you, to the last member of your species. Dear flies, have no rancour against us, but accept in a manly fashion the inevitable consequence of your being born into this world as flies."

I conclude that Buddhism, like Christianity, is finding acute difficulty in reconciling its traditional tenets with the ethical concepts demanded by a machine age.

* * *

I spent a sunny afternoon recently at Audley End, one of the stately homes of England, which, I'm told, is soon to be in public service. The lawns and woodlands that surround its impressive facade are indeed beautiful, but the interior seemed to me ugly, tasteless and uncomfortable. Of course there are some lovely bits of furniture, which I should like to beg, borrow, or steal. You could picture the family and their guests grouped round the blazing fire, while pretending not to be frozen to the marrow on those parts of their persons which were exposed to the vast open spaces. You could feel them shivering up to bed by candle-light. The maids and menservants in the attics were, I suppose, even colder at nights; but they were probably more comfortable in the kitchen than their lords and masters sitting in state upstairs. Someone, as one of the attendants remarked to me, must have "had a hobby." Several rooms consisted entirely of stuffed birds and animals; there was even a stuffed dog. Taste, I thought, could not have been worse. The attendants, by the way, were exceptionally interesting people. Most of them come from the district, and know some of the history of the place, picked up from guides and official handbooks. But what impressed them most was how cold the place must have been in the winter. The women, they said, must have worn a lot of flannel in those days; plenty of petticoats, long drawers and even longer skirts to keep the draughts out. "Not much comfort," one of them said to me. "All the money seems to have gone on grandeur."

* * *

Next Saturday's meeting on British Guiana in the Beaver Hall (to be addressed by Jennie Lee, Fenner Brockway, Geoffrey Bing, Q.C., and a Guianese journalist) will, I'm sure, have something to say about the strange difficulty which Mr. Jagan and his colleague have found in obtaining an air passage to England, and in making an appointment with the Colonial Secretary. I hope they will also protest about the refusal to allow Arthur Clegg to land in Guiana. Clegg is a doctrinaire Communist and the correspondent of the *Daily Worker*, but (as the *Evening Standard*, I'm glad to see, points out) the ban on him is wrong in principle and, incidentally, a gift to the Communists.

CRITIC

## GILBERTIAN

The B.B.C. God wot,
Has been a cloistered plot,
  To programmes commercial
  Or too controversial
No time it would allot.
But now they lift the ban
On the sponsored T.V. plan,
  And soon Tin Pan Alley
  May swamp Ally Pally
With the new T.V. young man.

Conceive him if you can,
That new T.V. young man,
  A quite proletarian,
  Even vulgarian
Commercial T.V. young man!

With what indecent haste
May standards be debased,
  When sales-competition
  May use the Television
To lower the public taste!
When broadcast fans may choose,
When *one* they may refuse—
  The upstart T.V. man,
  Or suave B.B.C. man,
Then which young man will lose?

The rather *distrait* young man,
The (Hons.) B.A. young man,
  Aloof academical,
  Never polemical,
Somewhat blasé young man?

Or the pushing and flash young man,
The "Let's have a bash!" young man,
  The life-of-the-party,
  So frightfully hearty,
All-out-for-the-cash young man?

Broadcasting's élite young man,
The tailored and neat young man,
  Not sloppy and shaggy
  With corduroys baggy,
Like the-man-in-the-street young man?

Or the Brighton and Hove young man,
The orange and mauve young man,
  The breezily cheery
  And, possibly, beery—
No gin-and-Lime Grove young man?

SAGITTARIUS

## THIS ENGLAND

**Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.**
**Paste entries on a POSTCARD.**

Oversexed delinquent girls are being brought back to normal modest ways by chewing chunks of raw swede turnip and beetroot, says an approved school report. It says that a special diet, including a thrice-daily gnaw at something "raw, hard and fibrous," is giving them a more "wholesome natural outlook and improving their emotional balance."—*The People*. (Derek S. Pugh.)

Why are men's singlets made so short when women's vests are so beautifully long? A certain portion of my poor husband's anatomy gets blue with cold.—*Daily Mirror*. (R. G. Norton.)

The proprietor of a boarding-house found his Labour visitors better about using ash trays, but one hotel keeper welcomed the Conservatives, saying: "Thank goodness we have some real ladies and gentlemen this week."—*News Chronicle*. (L. B. Harris.)

The late Duke of Westminster was perhaps the best landlord and the truest Socialist in Britain.—*Daily Telegraph*. (A. M. Jones.)

A sweet little crossbred bitch requires a happy, interesting, dog-loving home where her master would also be looked after.—Advt. in *Kensington News*. (N. E. Walter.)

# Troubled City

*(By cable from a Special Correspondent in Trieste)*

SIGNOR VIDALI, who is the head of the pro-Moscow Communists in Trieste, told me this morning that he would be the first person to be hanged if Tito entered the city. He said that his Party's attitude would continue to be that Tito was nothing more than a bandit and the creation of the "imperialist Churchill." Vidali added that he knew perfectly well that the frontiers of the Zone were crawling with Yugoslav troops, but he thought that Marshal Tito was bluffing. It was all a comedy. The reason why artillery was rumbling across Slovenia towards Trieste was that America wanted to secure Italy's participation in the Balkan Pact and that the U.S. therefore had to patch up the Trieste problem. Both sides were bolstering their prestige by marching and countermarching their troops. Vidali told me that, in spite of reports circulating in Trieste that his 15,000 Slovene supporters had threatened to side with Tito, his Party was in fact united; it still took its stand by the "free territory" proposals of the Peace Treaty.

Vidali seems to be the only political leader in Trieste who is not worried about the situation. Crowds of journalists from all over Europe have been flocking here in the last few days. Some Italian journalists came to photograph the mass demonstrations by pro-Italian enthusiasts, which Rome was confidently awaiting; they found the streets deserted in spite of the call of the irredentist mayor, Signor Bartoli, to "put out more flags." At the moment, the only demonstrations that are likely are anti-Italian. While politicians in Rome still rant illogically about the need for a plebiscite in both Zone A and Zone B, the people of Trieste—whether they are Italian or Slovene—are convinced that Tito is not bluffing. The Anglo-American decision to withdraw has created considerable alarm among the Triestini. On the demarcation line between the Zones, a Venezia Giulia police officer passed me his binoculars and told me that Yugoslav tanks and

troops had been moving round Trieste all day. I had no need to use his binoculars. Two hundred yards from where I stood a Yugoslav machine-gun team spread itself out in a vineyard.

At the frontier I saw the real victims of the thoughtless decision taken in distant capitals. It was like the scene which had become so familiar in Berlin. Hungry women and children had been waiting anxiously since dawn to get back through the road block to their homes in the Yugoslav Zone; but the Yugoslav military had taken over the Zone and closed the road.

Perhaps the most striking sign of the changed mood here is that the Italian Fascist gangs, who for eight years have shouted anti-British slogans, are now hoping desperately that the troops will stay. They are packing their bags just like the Anglo-American families. At the crucial moment, they have declined to wave the Italian flag or stand up and be counted. When the Tanjug correspondent dramatically announced to the assembled journalists in Mayor Bartoli's office, on Sunday, that Tito intended to occupy Zone A at the same time as the Italians, the Christodemocrat mayor—who a week ago was shouting anti-British abuse—calmly replied that the Anglo-Americans would protect the Italians in Trieste. He then turned on the Yugoslav correspondent and said that, so far as he was concerned, the "Serbo-Croat language is Mau Mau."

I think the most general attitude here is that of the police guard to whom I spoke on the Slovene border. He wanted neither Italy nor Yugoslavia. "Both are hungry," he said; "both are feeding their people on flags." All the Slovenes in Trieste, whether "White," pro-Moscow or pro-Belgrade, were petrified by the Anglo-American decision. Yugoslavs point out that years of work in building up Anglo-Yugoslav friendship have been destroyed overnight. The British soldiers who today are standing in battle-kit on the Slovene frontier have no desire to fight the Yugoslavs.

An Italian whom I trust told me today that an Italian political leader in Trieste had been informed by Signor Pella last week that Mrs. Luce, the U.S. Ambassador in Rome, had said to Pella that "Tito would make a little noise but in the end would accept." Mrs. Luce appears to have miscalculated the amount of noise. The Italian parties in Trieste themselves feel that Pella has betrayed them. They, like all Triestini from the Fascists to the Communists, had insisted that Zones A and B should be united. Instead of this, Pella has forced the American hand, and thus divided their territory in two. The Italian parties in Trieste now realise that Zone B has gone irrevocably to Yugoslavia and that Italy is running a grave risk of war.

I find that the general opinion here is that Italy has dug her own grave so far as Trieste is concerned. The city certainly shows signs of economic paralysis and families are leaving for Italy. At this moment, the people of Trieste feel that they have been sold as the people of Danzig were. They think they are in process of being sacrificed on the altar of power politics. Business has already been seriously affected in Trieste. Mayor Bartoli stated at his press conference that "Trieste needs Central Europe as its hinterland and Central Europe needs Trieste as its port." Why, then, were Italian irredentists like Bartoli so opposed to the Yugoslav solution whereby the port would be internationalised? Before the present crisis, many Italians in Trieste and Italy were coming round to think that the problem could best be solved on the basis of the Peace Treaty. It was Italian nationalism that prevented this, and Tito's reaction is considered by many people here to be understandable. The Anglo-American decision was actually more of a surprise to the military here than to civilians. Women and children first, was the military announcement here on October 8. As American families board the naval ship *Geiger* and British wives leave on a trans-European military train, their menfolk are busy burning documents unless they are on duty near the Yugoslav frontier. The haste with which the British and Americans apparently wish to leave is an additional cause of concern to the Triestini, who fully expect the worst to follow.

*Trieste, October* 14.

# Chandigarh

[The new capital of the Punjab was formally inaugurated by President Rajendra Prasad on October 7]

Out of a soil that is still yielding relics of the Stone Age, Chandigarh, dream city of modern architects, is rising. On an ancient Indian battlefield those who survived a civil war only six years ago will find healing in kindly civilised living. Inevitably the ugly memories of yesterday weigh too heavily on their minds for the inspiring spectacle of the city of to-morrow to delude them into believing that man has yet soared very high above the primeval mud, but it gives them heart again. Out of tragedy, triumph. And not for the first time primitive means serve glorious ends, for it takes more than the most revolutionary ideas of modern planners to stir India from her centuries of sleep. You can reach into even the day after to-morrow in design, and India will give shape to your concepts, but in her own time-worn ways. On the manual labour of men, women and children, "as innumerable as ants," with the leisurely aid of miniature donkeys, and scorning the impatient hustle of machinery, the city is slowly taking form. The same old crazy scaffolding of bamboo, tied with bits of string, miraculously gives birth to structures of sublime grace and impressive solidity. The offspring of heavenly imaginations, no doubt; but indisputably man-made.

In the affections of all Punjab Hindus, Muslims and Sikhs, Lahore has an abiding place as their common source of learning, and when partition awarded the city to Pakistan, the Hindus and Sikhs were left stranded and bereft. Simla, in its cold and lofty remoteness, proved an inadequate substitute. The only solution, the construction of a brand new capital, offered a stirring challenge—the chance to demonstrate that the indomitable spirit of the Punjab could produce a city that should be the pride and envy of the world. For the site a gently sloping plain, dominated by the Himalayas, within easy reach of the Delhi-Simla highway, and at the junction of three ancient trade routes—from Tibet, Kashmir and the Kangra Valley—was chosen. M. Le Corbusier was appointed master planner and given virtually a free hand. His team of resident architects includes his erstwhile partner, Jeanneret; the man-and-wife pair, Maxwell Fry and Jane Drew; the State architect, J. K. Chaudhri; and an enthusiastic group of young Indians. Administrator and chief engineer are Indians, as keen as they are able, and Indian brains and shoulders carry the rest of the responsibility. Labour and most of the materials come from the Punjab's own soil, but the vision they are helping to bring to life is an international one.

It is a vision of light and gladness, of an airy city of sunlit spaces and green shady groves, of cool and dignified places of labour, and gracious and comfortable homes that will be a joy to live in. A geometrically planned capital, combining order with ease of movement, and harmony with informality. A city is first of all a home. Ten

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thousand acres of open country have been divided into 25 rectangular neighbourhoods, each capable of containing 14,000 people. Within the neighbourhood all community interests are gathered. Each sector looks inward, houses turn their backs to the roads. The pedestrian comes into his own. Through the centre runs a wiggly bazaar street from which vehicular traffic is excluded. Schools, nurseries, clinics and paddling pools find cool shade along a winding patch of green. Each locality is to be characterised by its trees. Whereas along main roads they will be tall and stately, within the living spaces they will be floral and ornamental. With blue, red and yellow as separate colour themes, the misty jacquaranda, the flaming gol mohar and the Indian laburnum will bloom in masses in their vivid seasons.

At the head of the city, on the highest ground, stand the noble capitol buildings, silhouetted against the Himalayas. In the heart of the city is the community centre, with shopping promenades, shaded booths and a people's club wherein to rest and chat, all unmolested by traffic. In the belly are the city services and the business quarter. One lung accommodates the university, theatre, museum, art gallery and other cultural activities. Another contains industries feeding the community's needs. Through the spine runs an eroded valley, to be transformed into a park of rest and recreation, with swimming pools, stadium, gymnasium and all the inconsequential things, shut off from the sounds and bustle of the city.

Crowning the capitol are the dignified, administrative buildings, the Governor's House, High Court and Secretariat, in which Le Corbusier embodies the spirit of Chandigarh and gives his imagination wings. Following the tradition of his primitive predecessors, he takes his stone from the river bed. By the skilful use of home-made bricks, local atmosphere is happily married to modernity, expressed in reinforced concrete. As though floating in air over the central group, a parasol roof offers protection from sunshine and rain. All roads are sunken and with the excavated soil artificial hillocks provide a reflection in miniature of the mountains in the background.

From the capitol, groups of other buildings can be seen raising their heads. With Jeanneret contriving brilliant patterns in bricks, Jane Drew evoking wonderful effects with space, and Maxwell Fry making ingenious use of simple materials, homes and offices full of light and air, but coolly evading the heat of the sun outside, delight the eye and soothe the mind. Covered verandahs, recessed windows and sunbreakers, set like so many sails, produce enchanting patterns of light and shade. There is almost a dancing rhythm in the way in which groups of buildings slant away from one another, escaping the regimentation of straight lines. On all sides intelligent ideas are expressing themselves in the planning of schools, hospitals, maternity homes, health centres and so on—for instance, in the sloping ramp with roughened surface that takes the place of stairways in an infants' school.

Thanks to firm administration, a healthy precedent is being established, in that financial estimates are not being exceeded. The total cost of constructing the city in its first phase, to house 150,000 people, is about £12,000,000, half of which is being recovered from the sale of plots to private builders. Even with the price of land relatively high, the demand is so keen that applications have never been for less than double the number of plots available.

Chandigarh is exciting. It will cause not only architectural, but social, repercussions throughout India and no doubt farther afield. Office clerks are experiencing the pleasure of living in well-planned homes, cool, spacious and comfortable, at a rent of 10 per cent. of their salaries. Sweepers and messengers are luxuriating in compact houses of neat beauty, provided with two rooms, kitchen, compound, storage and sanitation that works. The architects have approached problems of climate and traditional habits of people from various strata with skill and common sense, and the younger generation of Indians welcome the innovations and are gladly throwing overboard outmoded customs. The rest of India is bound to hear about it in time.

NORMAN CLIFF

# Half a Dream

THE epithet addressed to me by the admittedly well-dressed gentleman would have been considered insulting in conscious circles. I rose in a dignified way a few feet into the air.

"If this were not a dream," I said, "I should call a policeman."

"If this were not a dream," he smiled, "I should not have made my remark."

I hedge-hopped a few hundred yards, trying to think of a riposte. He followed, annoyingly and literally, at my heels. With a feeling that I was taking the practical but undistinguished way out, like a man jumping into a taxi to dodge a creditor, I woke up.

But as I lay with my eyes open, in the world created by the luminous figures on my watch and the pattern thrown by the street-lamp on the ceiling, it appeared still more essential to solve the problem posed by the well-dressed gentleman. Now that I had escaped to firmer ground, he had remained in cowardly fashion within the immunity of the dream. I made my decision: I would call at his office and challenge him to repeat his insults by daylight. Like Senator McCarthy confining his charges to the Senate floor, he would refuse and stand convicted.

My course settled, I switched on the light and considered the incident in a more general way. The half-dream—the dream which is known to be a dream, without thereby losing its significance—has surely received less than its proper recognition, whether from imaginative writers or from psychologists. The dreamer, we imagine, shuts his eyes and sinks fathoms deep into total illusion—opening them, snaps into total awareness and either dismisses the dream or reaches objectively for a writing-pad. But am I exceptional in finding that life is not like that? Are consciousness and unconsciousness divided, not by a door, but by a corridor, in which just-awake and just-asleep are turnings? That would explain ghosts ("Of course I knew it wasn't really there, but I could swear I saw something").

Take, for instance, dozing over a book. The book, they say, falls from your hands. But sometimes sleep is so light that you continue to hold it, as the child holds the doll which is to pervade its dreams. And you read on, moving in the proper way from left-hand to right-hand page and then turning over. You see the words, the paragraphs. The characters, personified in the mind's eye, move and speak, but only in the background, subservient to the phrase, just as they do when you are awake and reading. You wake, surprised to find that you are still on page 153. You read the author's version of pages 154 and 155 and compare it with your own. At first yours seems livelier, more dramatic. Then you remember that it conflicts fatally with something that happened fifty pages back; no, things really couldn't turn out that way. The unconscious has no sense of plot.

That is the trouble, too, with writing in your sleep. From time to time I dream a superb short story. Sometimes I merely tell myself to get busy as soon as it is light; but sometimes I cannot wait. In my dream, I am writing busily, my fingers aching as I race to keep up with the action. I know that this action is provided by a dream and compliment myself on the fertility of my unconscious, which saves me hours of cogitation. Occasionally I stay asleep long enough to make a typed copy, correct it, address an envelope—once I even received a cheque. But when I am really awake, I always have to record a regretful "No." There is, in all dream stories, that fatal, inevitable flaw of construction or likelihood. Just once I did try to make something of a dream-story—though, soon after breakfast, I admitted that it was fantasy, not the grim realism it had seemed in the night. (To sustain the realistic note, you'd have to be Kafka.) It might have been a success, but I had not slept long enough. My waking brain could not invent the climax which my dream had failed to provide.

A related phenomenon is the dream within a dream. I have never had one, but I'm still hoping. From what I am told, you contemplate a series of fantastic events with detached amusement. Perhaps you do not wake up until you have dreamed of yourself relating your dream to your wife or husband, who remarks satisfactorily, "My dear, how odd."

The trouble with the half-dreamer, of course, is that he is dreadfully superficial. He slides into sleep with his mind still busy at the thoughts which occupied him as he undressed. He is a bit of a bore, and an intolerable armchair critic. In one case known to me, he tells the author of the play he has just seen how to rewrite the third act. Or, if his interests are political, he goes to sleep only to be invited to Downing Street, the White House, or the Kremlin, where his advice gains a respectful hearing. I was myself a welcome guest of Sir Winston's at Cap d'Ail the other night; a few months ago, my statesmanlike intervention broke the deadlock at Panmunjom. To wake on these occasions is cruel indeed; the blow is softened if one mounts the corridor gradually, and for a few minutes criticises the morning paper for having gone to press (shall I say, gone to bed?) before the great news came in.

From the viewpoint of the interpretative psychologist, the half-dreamer is of little interest. He draws not on infancy but on the day's events. In the afternoon he has a row with his landlord;


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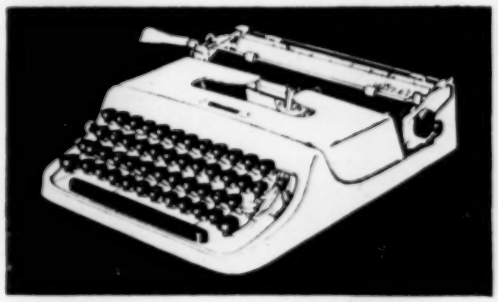

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at night he flattens the landlord's nose. He sits next a pretty girl in the cinema and watches her jump on a bus; he goes to bed and takes her home by taxi. If he has any sensitivity, he shaves and dresses ruefully, distressed at his own obviousness. Was it for this, he asks, that Freud lived?

It might be possible, by a keen study of the literature of unconscious symbolism, to deepen one's dreams, or let us say frankly to make them more interesting. But the process is tricky, judging by what a young lady in New York once told me. "Ever since my analyst told me about those snakes," she confided, sipping her Manhattan, "the goddam things keep popping up. I never used to dream of them before. I declare, last night I looked one of those cobras right in the eye, and I said, 'If Dr. Schwanz sent you, you can tell him you're not wanted.'"

"My dear," I said sympathetically, "you'll never be more than a half-dreamer."

MERVYN JONES

# Trust in the Lord

MR. ILICH. I was to meet him at the Post Office steps; the ad. in the paper gave a 'phone number, and when I rang, a man calling himself Roko Ilich seemed glad to accept me almost at once. "But what about your wife seeing me," I asked. Mr. Ilich said his wife was delicate and left it all to him. When I asked him how I'd know him, Mr. Ilich said he had a bandage round his neck.

I was at the Post Office in good time; and there he was, his bandage showing above his collar. Mr. Ilich had deep-set eyes, one half-closed. His hooky nose and square jaws made his face all angles. Without a doubt he was a Mestrovic come to life. "Hurry Miss," he cried, grabbing my suitcase, "we will joost catch the tram." We were delivered into a shoddy suburb. Not so good. Mr. Ilich strode along; I had to trot to keep up. Not a word, not a look. We passed mean streets. Oh well, it was all an experience. He looked respectable enough.

No. 67 Hilton Street was one of a dingy terrace of three houses all joined. At the gate, a woman in a soiled, flowered apron stood waiting. When we came up, she said with a rush: "Oo Mr. Ilich, your wife got so bad after dinner and we couldn't get you on the wire and we didden know what to do so we got a cab and sent her to 'ospital . . . cab cost three bob."

Mr. Ilich banged down my case. "What's this, what's this," he cried. Now what was this? I didn't like the sound of it at all. I said I didn't think I'd come if his wife was away.

"No 'arm in 'im—wouldn't hurt a fly. A real respectable gent is Roko—and the 'ouse is in a bit of a mess with her going sudden like." This was getting worse. Mr Ilich had recovered his agitation and gave me a cool, uninterested look. "Pleece yourself," he said. The woman put her hand on my arm. "You best go in duck and tidy the place for the poor woman. I would have meself—but Doc says I've to take it easy." Mr. Ilich looked rather pathetic; so I decided to stay and help. He nodded gravely as he unlocked the front door. Stale air assailed me.

"I will start the fish," Mr Ilich shouted before going down steep narrow stairs. "I am hungry and want my tea." Hungry, with his wife suddenly whisked off to hospital? And did he always shout like that? Perhaps his wife was deaf. When I reached the basement, camels leered at me from a fat vase. The room was filthy—it looked as if no woman's hand had ever tended it. Tulips and buttercups curvetted madly round the orange lamp shade. Texts were everywhere. One proclaimed "Trust In The Lord"! It was in frosted tinsel and had a row of pansies. Another text implied that the Lord did not trust you: it sternly threatened "Your Sins Will Find You Out." A voice said firmly: "Come on now." The fish was already boiling in the pot. Smoked. That meant a sauce. Could I achieve one? Mr. Ilich tapped with impatient fingers on a bright pink cloth. I set the table and cut bread.

"That's enough," he shouted. I found a dish of butter. "Put on the kettle?" I asked timidly. "Not yet time. You will waste the gas—you must not waste." He didn't sound very cordial—probably upset by the bad news. I dished the fish and put a good lump of butter on it. "Too much butter," I was warned. We ate in silence. Mr. Ilich was indeed hungry: the way he grabbed his fork was positively lethal. He got up suddenly and shouted: "I am going to see my wife. Tidy up and I will call you early. At *six*, remember—get up when I call. We will have fish for breakfast. It is here—in the safe. Mind the flies don't get it." The door slammed, and I was left with the riot of camels and pansies. The sink was greasy, the dishcloth unutterable. I kept wondering about that wife of his. The house smelt damp. I searched vainly for a book. Sleep? Dead flies were on the windowsill, fluff under the bed; and the sheets looked dubious. Still, nothing else for it. As I dozed off, I vaguely heard Mr. Ilich come in.

Next morning, when I asked him, Mr. Ilich said his wife was doing fine. He surprised me by laughing once or twice. It seemed mirthless and out of character. After wiping his breakfast off with his hand, Mr Ilich said: "I will be home at six See you have a good meal for me. You must buy a bit of corned beef—a small piece." He was gone.

There was much to do. The gas stove was choked with grease; dust of decades rose up to meet me. I went to the shops and bought food with the few shillings he had left me; so little that I had to pay one and nine out of my own pocket. By evening I had a presentable meal ready. The house looked spruce. I'd had a day.

The hour came and went, the minutes dragged on. I kept cooling things off, then warming them up again. By seven I was ravenous and started. As I ate, I found the darkening basement none too cheerful. There were curious bubbling noises and the batter of rain.

It was nearly eight when Mr. Ilich arrived. He looked not only serious, which I expected, but agitated as well. His half-shut eye had a sinister look. Surely he'd had bad news from Hospital. He took off his damp coat as if he was taking off his shroud. All injured innocence, I brought out his warmed-up plate. "Nothing, nothing," he cried out. He said the news was bad. "As if my wife's illness was not enough—a good thing she is in Hospital—my cousin in the south has died sudden, he leaves a wife and three children, God strike me peenk I can't leave her in a fix like this." He almost sobbed, his face in his hands.

"I'd better go," I said.

"I have treated you like a peeg," Mr. Ilich said. He tried to glimmer a smile at me. "I will try to pay you back for this—so help me God, I will." He fixed me with a gloomy eye.

"What about your wife?" I thought to ask. He threw me a furtive look. "I must go down south at once. I lose my job, shut up the house. What will I do? I will be on the rocks already." Mr. Ilich trumpeted his nose and wiped his ruin of a face with a red spotted handkerchief. I felt like quoting his text, "Trust In The Lord." Cheated as I felt, my heart softened at his misery and muddle.

I washed my two dishes and went to pack my case. On the doorstep we shook hands with the utmost goodwill. Somehow he looked relieved to be rid of me. Did he really have a wife? Or a cousin?

"Goodbye, and I will pay you back some day."

I mustered up courage to say I'd had to pay one and nine out of my own money. Mr. Ilich fossicked wildly. "Here is one and four. I have not any change." I hadn't had a sixpence for all my day's work.

As I left, his final valediction was: "God strike me peenk—I will not forget your kindness. Maybe the Lord will repay." Maybe, and maybe not.

JESS WHITWORTH

# The Arts and Entertainment

## DREARY LANE

IF you have children under twelve you should take them to *The King and I*, the new musical at Drury Lane. They will thoroughly enjoy it, and you can eke out the long stretches of boredom by enjoying their enjoyment. Expert, highly finished in its detail, often delightful to look at, this latest in the line of American Musicals is too naive and sentimental to appeal to any but the least sophisticated of grown ups. It comes over to us with the reputation of carrying yet further the current trend in American musicals of making the story paramount, and thus classing itself nearer light opera than the old-fashioned musical comedy. But though its story certainly has possibilities either for satire or for drama, these chances seem to me to be thrown away.

The theme is based on the story of the King of Siam in the 1860s who employed an English governess to teach his half-dozen royal children. The King is a savage despot who is all the same struggling towards a glimmering idea of "scientific civilisation." What possibilities, then, lie in the idea of planting down in his court a Victorian governess! Just imagine the fun Gilbert would have had with this theme and how he would have used it to belabour the pretensions of the scientific civilisation of the West. One cannot fairly expect from Messrs. Rodgers and Hammerstein the genius of Gilbert and Sullivan, but how, all the same, at an American musical, does one long for one-tenth of Gilbert's bite and wit. By failing to make anything more of the 1860 governess than an average American musical comedy heroine dressed up in very large crinolines, the authors abdicate their theme from the start. And the King is himself only an obstinate puppet repeating a limited set of catch phrases in pidgin English.

So what we are left with is only after all the mildest of musical comedies which plays unvaryingly throughout the evening the note of charm. Charming the brightly coloured dresses and pretty backgrounds. Charming the array of slit-eyed little poppets whose heads the governess so charmingly caresses. Charming too the King's intransigence in the matter of granting the governess her house. So charming even is his death that it induces the governess to revoke her decision to leave. No one can play this note of charm more skilfully than Mr. Van Druten, who produces. You may complain that the whole thing is dreadfully slow but at least you can feel that it is a carefully calculated slowness, extracting every ounce of charm out of even the slightest situation.

The actors have individually little to do. This kind of musical depends upon its whole rather than its parts. Mr. Herbert Lom struts and shouts very pleasantly as the King. Miss

Valerie Hobson is deficient in voice but works the charm hard. The best thing in it is the neat turn given to the obligatory ballet (the *scène à faire* of the modern musical); this is an at least semi-Siamese treatment of the story of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

The second American musical that has reached us this week, *Wish You Were Here*, is a blaring contrast to the refined niceness of *The King and I*. For *The King and I* has all the debased weary charm of one of those soft coloured advertisements for Scotch whisky or English tweeds that one sees in American glossies. It is tremendously high class. *Wish You Were Here* would never be accepted for a high-toned magazine. It is raucous, crude and sexy and must, in the American version staged by Joshua Logan, have had twenty times the vitality of *The King and I*. Its *mise en scène* is a holiday camp for teenagers two hours from New York. The authors can make as high a claim as any other writers of musicals for their social outlook. They reserve an ironic view of the racket of the holiday camp. But the teenagers themselves reserve nothing. The dancing is vigorous, the necking promiscuous, and the bikinis exiguous. Mr. Dickie Henderson and Mr. Christopher Hewett make the most of rather indifferent comic material. Mr. Bruce Trent and Miss Elizabeth Larner can both sing, and Miss Shani Wallis displays a new range of vitality. The production is at present very unpolished; it has succeeded in getting a real live bathing pool on to the stage, but still has a long way to go.

T. C. WORSLEY

## FOUR PAINTERS

THERE are very few insincere painters. But there are many paintings which seem insincere. This is because sincerity in a work of art is not the automatic result of the artist having a good heart—or at least is only automatic if the artist is extremely simple in his attitude, barely aware of the medium he is working in. As soon as you have a self-conscious artist, the sincerity of his work is an achievement for which he has to struggle. The main issue in this struggle is the keeping of a balance between the emotion the artist feels about the work itself and the emotion he feels about its original subject. The danger is that in the process of working he may persuade himself that he feels things he would like to feel but in fact hasn't. This, I'm afraid, applies to George Fairley's new paintings and drawings at Gimpel's. He wants to make his silhouetted, heavy-handed, massive Welsh workers impressive and strong; in fact, he brutalises them, rather in the same way as writers do when they hope to achieve proletarian realism simply by recording words like "bloody" and "snot." In both cases the brutalisation occurs because of a lack of profound observation, because the emotional effects have no roots. The painter learns to observe through the actual process of drawing. And so it follows that Fairley's weakness is his draughtsmanship—as indeed his drawings themselves betray. His landscapes, such as *The Railway Cutting* are more successful, because in them, feeling that he needn't feel so much, he has allowed himself to observe more patiently and objectively.

Roughly the same criticism also applies to Michael Ayrton's paintings at the Redfern. Ayrton is a far more sensitive draughtsman than Fairley. But his pictures still have a sort of emotional lock-jaw; their emotion paralyses them instead of flowing out from them. In Ayrton's case I think it is the tragedy of a very intelligent artist trying to say too much, perhaps in the wrong medium.

The graphic exhibition of Expressionism at the A.I.A. raises the same problem in a slightly different manner. These artists, feeling at the turn of this century the hysteria and despair inherent in the mounting social crisis, made a creed of expressing this as urgently as possible in whatever subject presented itself—even in a bowl of roses. They were frightened and they had the courage to face their fear, but unfortunately not the confidence to analyse it or, rather, to allocate it. Consequently their anxiety destroyed for them the reality of the world, and any hope of a solution, just as it does for a suicide. Their work, however, is valid as a historical document, and occasionally, they found subjects—Kokoschka in some of his portraits, Otto Muller in his Gypsies and Peasants, which could contain their emotion and so exorcise their panic.

The two other artists exhibiting this week have achieved sincerity: Lowry at the Lefevre, Keith Vaughan at the Leicester Galleries. Lowry I have written about many times before. These new pictures of landscapes, seascapes, industrial streets, the seaside show the same technical mastery of his medium (the always appropriate "fabric" of his paint), the same understanding of the fact that in an odd way a crowd emphasises the uniqueness of each individual (you recognise your girl-friend with more intensity in the rush-hour crowd than by herself in her garden), the same remarkable combination in his vision of the surprise of the visitor who sees the industrial North from the train window for the first time in his life, and of the vernacular knowledge of a man who has grown up there. His larger panoramas are difficult to read at one go, and must be treated like maps. In many of his smaller pictures there is a greater fluency of drawing than previously. One of his bare seascapes is so intensely empty that the frame itself looks as though it is hanging on the wall without a canvas in it.

In Keith Vaughan's work there is still a good deal of conflict. The doctrines of formalisation and abstraction can still tempt him to play about with pictures like *The Seed Dies*—a bit of exquisitely planned but quite arbitrary pattern. But given a landscape or nude that really moves him, he paints with serious and accurate enthusiasm. Vaughan isn't a psychological painter (his figure groups always look a bit silly because they haven't any psychological validity); nor is he an atmospheric painter interested in surfaces and light; rather, he is an anatomist, a physicist. It is the centre of gravity of an object that interests him: how a hill displaces the sky and weighs on a valley; how the weight and energy of a man produce a continuous tension. Look at the twisting figure in the fine *Nude at a Tap*, the left-hand man, bent double like a jack-knife, in *Roman Baths*, landscape No. 18—these begin to be heroic because they have been painted *and* seen with equal wonder: wonder at the simple fact that muscles flex and hills settle.

JOHN BERGER

## KATHLEEN FERRIER

A FEW days before Kathleen Ferrier's death I was listening to her recording of *Das Lied von der Erde*. It is the finest memorial to her art. It gave rise to several reflections: to what extent did Ferrier create the large Mahler audience which now exists in England? Why was she so much greater in Mahler than in any other music? And what are the qualities in an interpretative artist which can inspire love in her hearers?

For there is no doubt of it: if one heard Kathleen Ferrier sing *Das Lied von der Erde*, one loved her. Only two other singers have moved me in this way: Kirsten Flagstad and Elisabeth Schumann. An heroic soprano, a Lieder singer (for I never heard Schumann in opera) and a contralto: they had in common the power of seeming transfigured by what they sang. Critics tend to be shy of these emotions. "Adventures of the soul" are out of favour, cool analysis is preferred. But one can turn to a poet, to the passage, say, in which Heine described his first experience of Paganini, to find these emotions described.

> All around him the horizon expanded to a space so vast that the physical senses were baffled and only the eyes of the spirit could grasp it. In the features


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of the artist I recognised Paganini, but a Paganini invested with ideal beauty, divinely transfigured. So I have seen, heard, experienced Flagstad singing Wagner, Schumann singing Schubert, and Ferrier singing Mahler.

It is disillusioning to question artists about these occasions. When I visited Kathleen Ferrier this year, I asked her if she had realized, during a particular performance of *Das Lied* (in the Albert Hall in April, 1950), that she had seemed to the audience like one inspired. She remembered the performance, but not that it had been an exceptional one. Yet though she was disappointingly self-unaware—"How couldn't you have known?" I exclaimed, almost in exasperation—she was never unmoved by the music she sang. There was little calculation in her singing beyond such simple matters as where to take a breath—in this she was unlike other great singers. But she owned that, while studying *Das Lied* and later the *Kindertotenlieder* with Bruno Walter, she had repeatedly in rehearsals broken into tears at their profound sadness.

The vital spark did not always inform her singing. I remember how disappointed I was when I first heard her: as the Angel in a *Gerontius* where I was singing among the basses. The voice—I am sure of this—was as beautiful in sound as it nearly always was, yet she remained entirely unmoving. Bach's and Handel's oratorios she would sometimes sing more expressively, one felt, than they had ever been sung before; at other times one was aware only of a good voice, used with sure taste. There was no explaining why; and she herself did not realise it happened.

She knew I did not admire her Lieder singing. When she asked me why, I used to say rather lamely that the songs, even those one would have thought best suited to her voice, just didn't come to life. I think it was because her voice needed orchestral support; without it, she was too careful about balance and breathing. She was at her best in broad, noble, sad music. The fun in her personality could occasionally be captured in a song (the tune "I have a bonnet," for instance) but one knew that vocally, if not temperamentally, she was using her dark, warm, entirely individual tones on unsuitable material. In life she was always laughing; but nature intended her voice, and her interpretative art, to be used for tragedy.

This week a performance of Mahler's Second Symphony filled the Festival Hall. I am convinced that Kathleen Ferrier was largely responsible. People who had never heard of Mahler used to go to hear Ferrier. Through her they learnt that his music opens worlds of new spiritual experience. Thus a great interpreter can alter the musical climate of a country.

ANDREW PORTER

## THE MOVIES

### "Glinka," at the Continentale
### Six Upa Cartoons, at the Cameo, Charing Cross Road

There's an art, a romance, a topography of cinema-going. High loom the circuit lights, low and small those of the Classic. One may sometimes be found next the other, and what a joy it is, passing the queues and the hideosity, to pick up, beyond, some long-desired vision! Then we don't—to confine ourselves to London—look for exquisiteness at the Empire, or Ealing at the Curzon, or Formby or Shiner within miles of either. Near Portman Place sin has an indefinite lease, and gangsters rarely fail to embattle Wilton Road; the Marx Brothers love Mile End, there's golden silence near the hilltop of Hampstead; and at the little Ritz in Leicester Square you'll find what's too good for the Empire or too bad for anything. Russia has invaded, and been mopped up, at such unexpected points as Regent Street and Hendon.

I've a partiality myself for that emporial route which begins as Tottenham Court and ends in Charing Cross: it's got almost everything in the cinema line from pre-release to newsreel. About Fitzrovia clings opera. While the placard on the bombed site shouts *Melba!*—a plea easily resistible to the screen-and-music-sensitive—the two cinemas thereabouts show *Figaro* and *Glinka*. This last is a new showing, and though not an outstanding film, it is far more enjoyable than most screen biographies of musicians. It has, for one thing, plenty of good music, which I, at any rate, haven't heard too often. I don't know that I'll ever spend a whole operatic evening with *Russlan and Ludmilla* or *Ivan Sanunin*, but I'm glad to meet them in extracts here. Glinka himself is quite approachable, too, having—unlike most screen musicians—a love not of women and wine but of music and country. He rather overdoes the latter. Sovietised, he is made to deny his European apprenticeship, and to declare at the end of a long struggle for Russian music, "The people write the music, and all we, the composers, do, is copy it out." It's not quite true, even of Glinka; but the pity is, not so much that we should have to listen to the sentimentalities of political doctrine, as that a chance has been missed here of making memorable Glinka as Pushkin and Lermontov were made memorable. The Russians have still a fine touch with their Romantic heroes; Glinka is obviously one of them, but unfortunately this time piety, and the party hand-out, are in the ascendant. However, I quite enjoyed *Glinka*—which, by the way, with its landscapes and townscapes in colour, captures the glow of Victorian mezzotints—and have been urged by it to discover a little more about its subject than I knew before.

Then, quite a long way down the street, I came at the little Cameo to the Upa show. I entered as a matter of fact on the serial, mostly concerned with sleep-walking atom-boys in some mountain region. This, it appeared, when the film came round again, was Part 12 of Jules Verne's *The Mysterious Island*, brought up to date. The Fleet on manœuvres and Sir Winston Churchill similarly employed at Margate made an unusually gripping newsreel; and the promised six cartoons contained several new to me. There was Andersen's *The Emperor's New Clothes*, quite a lively, elegant and grotesque version, and the Boy who played the Big Horn (best of the batch) and another boy who was always turning into a chicken unless he was given a space-ship: both these somewhat after the manner of MacBoing, and after in other ways, too. One new Magoo concerned dog-snatchers and the circus and such myopisms as putting a tiger on a lead and setting off for home. If Magoo and Upa don't excite us with quite the extravagant delight they did, they still knock the Disneyites into a cocked hat.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

## RADIO NOTES

WEST ALLER is not a place-name you will find on any map, and no one knew of its existence until it turned up as the subject of a very imaginative programme in the Light Programme the other Sunday. Throughout the day, at more or less hourly interviews, we were taken over to West Aller. I did not hear all the dozen broadcasts, but enough to learn that the inhabitants spoke excellent Devon and that the place was pin-pointed as closely in a genuine locality as a fictitious village could be. Nothing remarkable occurred on this Harvest Festival Sunday, there was no story, no drama, merely a selection of the happenings of any village on any autumn Sunday. That was the fascination; the fascination of eavesdropping, of mass-observation, even though it was the mass-observation of a fictitious place. The illusion of real life was admirably caught by the script and well sustained by the commentators, Mr. Frank Duncan and Mr. Charles Stidwell.

But what especially interested me was not so much the rendering of village life itself as the effect on the Light Programme as a whole. A curious feature of broadcasting, which I don't recall ever having seen commented on, is the lack of significant context in which individual programme-items occur. Programme follows programme, and the only relation between any two consecutive ones is that of juxtaposition. They fall into none but the most mechanical framework, and are governed by no common tone such as you find in any newspaper or magazine. But the West Aller broadcasts imposed a unity on the disparate items of the Light Programme and subdued them to a common tone. *Henry Hall's Guest Night*, for example, no longer appeared what it normally does, three-quarters of an hour of cachinnations in a void, but was suddenly existing in relation to something, in relation to the flow of ordinary life in the background the interludes from West Aller conveyed. One was aware of a community behind it, for which it had its being and which gave it its value. In a similar way, I thought the effect of West Aller was to enhance all the programmes it was sandwiched in between. Whether this was intended I don't know; and I don't see how the experiment can be often repeated. But I think Mr. Acton-Bond, the West of England producer responsible for West Aller, is to be congratulated on his programme.

There were two very good talks in the Home Service on India, both by Mr. John Seymour. The first, *Peckham to Madras*, described an Indian counterpart of the former Peckham Health Centre; the second, *India's Own Revolution*, a training school for development officers working in rural areas. Mr. Seymour has shown himself in the past to be an unusual man: he's a first-rate reporter and obviously has the gift of being able to reach a sympathetic understanding almost immediately with ordinary people whatever their race, colour or language. But he is also, as these two talks show, a greatly improved broadcaster. In his talks two or three years ago on his overland journey to the East he didn't seem able to resist the temptation to shove his arm through the loudspeaker and thump his listeners matily in the back. His common touch was a trifle vulgar; that has gone altogether.

In *Dinner with the Family* (*Le Rendez-vous de Senlis*) M. Anouilh shows himself once again alternately the Plain Man's Pirandello and the Barrie of the Boulevards. But what an adroit comic writer he is when he wants to be! The first act of this play was delightful as it was ingenious. It bubbled with comic ideas: the young man acquiring from a theatrical agency a father and mother for a night. And then everything, it seemed to me, crashed; M. Anouilh began another play not half so funny, with a new cast; and the two plays never, except for a moment or two, came together.

WILLIAM SALTER

### Modern German Chamber Music, at 4 St. James's Square

The B.B.C. treat us handsomely for the most part, we need seldom complain. But they neglect contemporary American and, particularly, German music. To give us a taste of contemporary German activity the Anglo-German Music Committee have arranged four concerts in the Arts Council Rooms. The first, on October 9th, offered no great works, but two that were uncommonly interesting: Kurt Hessenberg's Second String Quartet (1941) and Werner Egk's song-cycle, *La Tentation de St. Antoine*. Hessenberg, a pupil of Günther Raphael, is new to me; this D minor Quartet is a close-knit, arresting composition, which should be heard again. Egk's cycle has already been given in London in its string-orchestra version. String quartet and voice is a tricky combination—the balance nearly always goes wrong—but I prefer these songs as accompanied by string quartet: details stand out more clearly in the exceedingly clever background which Egk has given the thirteenth-century airs. Does he always kick off from someone else's melodies? His French Suite, based on Rameau, is the only other work I remember hearing in London. The Sebastian Quartet, with Norman Platt as baritone soloist, gave well-studied readings. Two lugubrious songs by Rudi Stephan, and Blacher's tricky, ear-tickling Piano Sonata, Op. 39, completed the programme. The next concert is on October 30, with Hamburg's Benthien Quartet in quartets by Fortner and Hindemith, and Margaret Kitchin playing Jarnach's Second Piano Sonata.

A. P.

# The Story of British Guiana

*When Parliament meets next week, the Colonial Secretary will have to explain why he sent battleships and troops to Guiana, and why he suspended the Constitution. So far, the Opposition leaders have contented themselves with asking for evidence of the need for such drastic action. The special survey of Guiana's political and economic position we present below should, we believe, help the public to understand what the dispute is really about, and to judge Mr. Lyttelton's policy.*

*Two points of great importance are raised below by Mr. Creech Jones, who was himself Colonial Secretary from 1945 to 1950. We want, of course, to know whether P.P.P. Ministers were really in a position to subvert the Constitution, and whether they were actually attempting to do so. But we also want to know why, if there is indeed evidence of this, the Governor, who has a successful and progressive record in Barbados and elsewhere, was not able to frustrate such efforts by the use of his reserved powers. Indeed, these powers were given to him precisely for the purpose of preventing any group, from the Left or Right, destroying democracy by suppressing the freedom of minorities or individuals. If the answer is that Sir Alfred Savage doubted whether he had enough force at his disposal, it would seem that that might be a case for quietly providing him with some further battalions of soldiers. Had Sir Alfred such misgivings? Will Mr. Lyttelton publish all the correspondence between himself and the Governor, so that we may judge whether the dispatch of troops was necessary, and whether Sir Alfred himself desired it?*

*This brings us to the second, even more important point. It is one thing to supply a Governor with an additional force which he may or may not have asked for; it is another to suspend the Constitution. It would indeed be hard to exaggerate the damage done the British Commonwealth by this action, and the House of Commons will not be easily satisfied that this step was necessary. The new Constitution of British Guiana was not very different from that which is now being operated in the Gold Coast, and which is in process of evolution in Nigeria. It implied the promise that Colonial people throughout the Commonwealth may move by stages towards political democracy and economic independence. The deduction, very easily drawn from the suspension of the Guiana Constitution, is that the Conservative Government in power is repudiating this promise, which has been represented as a promise from the British people of all parties, and which had been given reality by the post-war Labour Government.*

## Putting the Clock Back in the Colonies

LAST week's intervention in British Guiana is an act of great gravity. It deprives the people of their political rights and imposes direct rule. Mr. Lyttelton has told us that the avowed object of the leaders of the Peoples' Progressive Party was to organise a Communist State. Her Majesty's Government, he says, are not willing to allow such a development within the British Commonwealth. Evidence in support of this charge has so far been meagre. The risk of extending adult suffrage and devolving a measure of authority to people who are poor and politically immature is real enough and is sure to be exploited by Communists. But Communist mischief must not be allowed to paralyse political development. Colonial policy in the past decade has recognised equally the importance of sound economic and social standards, the need to encourage a national spirit towards self-government, and the importance of political democracy as a basis for development. And this is the constructive answer to Communism. British policy indeed is officially proclaimed as being "to guide the colonial territories to responsible self-government within the Commonwealth, in conditions that ensure to the people concerned both a fair standard of living and freedom from oppression from any quarter."

The difficulty of creating nations where there is yet little sense of common purpose, of bridging the transition from tribal society to the modern world, of creating institutions which satisfy changing social structures and fit the inescapable economic background, are formidable. Even more difficult is the founding of political institutions on the basis of a developing democracy. Time and popular demand press hard in these days, and governments are too often faced with a choice between repression and concession. Concession is always the wiser course: people learn from practice the significance of responsibility. That it can be learnt with success, is shown in the Gold Coast. But success depends on confidence between popular representatives and officials, on the political perception of the former, on the ungrudging service and integrity of the latter. Mistakes, extravagances of speech and conduct, corruption, are among the risks which must be faced when authority is transferred to inexperienced people. That is why Governors are given reserved powers until full responsibility is reached. The use of these powers may be infrequent; their purpose is to preserve law and an orderly society. In the case of British Guiana, the Governor's powers have not been invoked; instead, the Constitution has been suspended. Yet surely the possible activities of the Guianese popular leaders could have been anticipated when Mr. Lyttelton himself introduced the Constitution earlier this year? The Waddington Commission had presented a well-argued report, and its recommendations fell short of full self-government. What inherent weaknesses have become apparent in the Constitution that led to its suspension within six months of its being introduced? Is it that it concedes too much authority to the people and that this development must be reversed? Is it that special interests have succeeded in lobbying Whitehall? Is it that Guianese Ministers have been actively disloyal to the Constitution, have been using their position to destroy democracy? Evidence of such Communist subversion has not so far been forthcoming.

Constitutions have been suspended before, but such action has been rare, because goodwill has on the whole prevailed between Governors and peoples; because colonial peoples have had confidence in the steady march towards political autonomy. It will lead to an intolerable situation in our relations with the colonies, if that march may in future be interrupted haphazard by the suspension of constitutions, whether because London disapproves of the opinions of the majority or because inexperienced popular governments behave in an unorthodox way. And what, in such a case, is to be the outcome? The indefinite suspension of a constitution and the maintenance of government by repression is intolerable. Sooner or later the risk has got to be taken. We shall not train up a generation of wise colonial leaders if those who are to have the chance of success are constrained by fear to temper their policies to the whim of London.

A. CREECH JONES

## The Constitution Suspended

THE Guiana crisis began in an atmosphere of mystery. On Sunday, October 4, a meeting of the Privy Council, attended by Mr. Lyttelton and the Home Secretary, was held at Balmoral. Next day, the British press published news that the cruiser *Superb* had sailed from Bermuda on October 4 under sealed orders, had arrived at Jamaica on October 5, embarked 400 men of the Royal Welch Fusiliers, and sailed again for an unknown destination. It was also announced that the carrier *Implacable* had sailed, on sudden orders, from the Clyde to Devonport. No explanation of these naval and troop movements was given officially; but the *Daily Mail* accompanied its story with a map spotlighting British Guiana: there was talk "of an impending crisis."

On October 6, it was announced that the frigate *Bigbury Bay* had also sailed from Jamaica, with 200 Royal Welch Fusiliers aboard. According to the Associated Press agency, Caribbean Army Headquarters admitted that "troops were being rushed to British Guiana"; but the press could obtain no official confirmation of this until late that night, when the Colonial Office announced that naval and military forces were being sent to Georgetown "in order to preserve peace." The statement added that "the intrigues of Communists and their associates, some in Ministerial posts" were threatening the welfare and good administration of the Colony. The news was further released that an additional frigate, *Burghead Bay*, was proceeding to British Guiana and that *Implacable* would take reinforcements.

On October 8 the troops arrived in British Guiana and began to disembark. Next day (October 9) the Colonial Office announced that H.M. Government had decided to suspend the Constitution of British Guiana in order to prevent "Communist subversion of the Government and a dangerous crisis both in public order and in economic affairs." Pending the formation of an interim Government and the appointment of a Commission which would be required to recommend "a revised Constitution," the Governor would rule under Emergency powers, withdrawing the portfolios of the elected Ministers.

Against these Ministers the following charges were made in the Colonial Office statement:

1. Their words and actions had shown that they had no intention of making the Constitution work; that their sole object had been to seize control of the whole life of the territory and to run it on totalitarian lines; and that, to achieve their end, they were prepared to use violence and to plunge the State into economic and social chaos.

2. The "ringleaders" among the elected Ministers and their Party (the P.P.P.) were "closely associated" with international Communist organisations. These "extremists" had been planning "to turn British Guiana into a totalitarian state subordinate to Moscow, and a dangerous platform for extending Communist influence in the Western hemisphere."

3. The Ministers had used their official positions "to provoke and encourage a stoppage of work in the sugar industry . . . and to spread the stoppage to essential services," for political purposes.

4. The Ministers had conducted "an assiduous campaign to undermine the loyalty and discipline of the police force," and had "proposed to establish what they term 'People's Police.'" They had also "intruded into the sphere of the public service."

5. They had promoted a Communist "Pioneer Youth League" and sought to undermine the position of the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides. They had also sponsored a local branch of the Peace Committee and a Committee supporting the Communist terrorists in Malaya, while "personally and through their agents" they had initiated "subversive propaganda and subversive activities."

6. They were intending to secularise all schools and to revise the curriculum "with the evident objective" of subjecting children to Communist indoctrination.

The statement added that "this Communist plot" had done serious damage to the economic life of British Guiana. This must be repaired; and the Governor would take vigorous steps to "restore" the economic situation, ensure rapid development of resources, and accelerate the improvement in housing and social services.

The substance of this statement was broadcast simultaneously by the Governor, Sir Alfred Savage, who added that there had been a run amounting to over £300,000 on savings banks and that, during the last five months, "constructive tasks of development and social improvement had lain neglected." His task would be to accelerate measures of economic betterment, and he would set up a "provisional economic council." Proposals which had been pressed on him during tours of the country would *now* (our italics) be "sympathetically examined." What the Governor did not explain is why his reserved powers, which include control of the military, the judiciary and finance, as well as the power of veto over legislation, were not enough.

It is in order to provide some further knowledge of the background against which readers must weigh these charges against the elected Ministers and, above all, the implication that only a "Communist plot" interrupted the healthy progress of the Colony, the following survey has been written.

## THE LAND AND THE PEOPLE

The Colony, ceded to Britain by Holland in 1814, is divided geographically into three distinctive areas. In the remote hinterland are the bare upland savannahs of the Rupununi and the Kanuku Mountains, comprising about 10 per cent. of the whole country. Sloping from this high plateau down towards the sea lies a huge tract of thick, hilly jungle, which constitutes 85 per cent. of the whole area. The remaining 5 per cent. consists of a rich, but low-lying coastal belt about 10 miles deep, much of it below sea-level. Down to the sea from the mountains a series of large, deep rivers run, Northwards and North-eastwards—the Cuyuni, the Mazaruni, the Essequibo, the Demerara and the Berbice—but falls and rapids are a serious handicap to their use as communications with the interior. In the coastal ribbon there are 300 miles of roads, but only about 200 miles in the whole of the interior.

The original settlements, Dutch and English, were posts established up river, primarily for trade with the Amerindian natives. Plantations followed, worked by slaves imported from Africa. By the middle of the 18th century, the up-river settlements began to be abandoned in favour of the richer alluvial coastal strip, which was empoldered by familiar Dutch techniques. Up to the end of the 18th century the staple crops were mainly coffee and cotton, with a little tobacco and sugar cane. It was thought, at first, that the reclaimed coastal lands were too salt for cane; but from the time of the Napoleonic Wars, sugar began to be the dominant crop. Slaves were imported in increasing numbers; and, by about 1830, the slave population was estimated to number about 110,000.

With the termination of slavery in 1834, the planter had to look for an alternative source of labour, since numbers of the freed slaves scattered as small—and generally unsuccessful—peasant proprietors. Accordingly they recruited, under indenture, East Indians, together with a few Chinese and some Portuguese labourers from Madeira and the Azores. Altogether about 240,000 labourers from British India came to British Guiana up to the First World War. Large numbers were required to return home on expiry of their indentures, which forbade their settlement as peasant proprietors; others settled on the plantations in the Colony.

The present population is about 440,000. At the end of 1950, the last date for which detailed figures are available, the racial distribution of the population was as follows: East Indians 190,880, African Descent 156,061, Mixed or Coloured 44,975, Amerindians 17,004, Portuguese 8,818, other Europeans 3,855, Chinese 3,537.

Up to 1920 there was little natural increase in the population, which then numbered about 300,000 and had been maintained at that level only by immigration. Since World War I, organised immigration has ceased; but the suppression of malaria and other tropical diseases has led to a natural increase. In 1951 the death rate had fallen to under 14 per 1,000, while the birth rate per 1,000 was over 43. Merely to offset this population pressure, according to a recent study of the International Bank, it would be necessary to secure an increase of 20 per cent. in the Colony's "national income" over the next five years.

Of the present population, nearly one-quarter lives in Georgetown and its environs, and there is extreme concentration in the coastal belt where, until recently, as the Venn Commission observed in 1949: "Neither safeguards for health nor reasonable amenities could conveniently be provided." The density of population in the coastal belt is 1,700 per square mile, while in the whole interior there are barely 30,000 people.

In 1792, the rule of the Dutch West India Company had been supplanted by that of a Council appointed by the States General, consisting of a Governor and a "Court of Policy." To this the British added a "Combined Court," in which elected representatives of the planters had a majority. This Court had the exclusive power to impose taxes and vote Supply.

Commenting on the working of the Colony's constitution up to 1891, the Waddington Commission, in 1951, observed:—

> The situation could be characterised by a variant of the familiar aphorism: "Divide so that no one may rule" . . . The Government in Great Britain was determined to exercise its lawful supremacy—in order to enforce improvements in the lot of the slaves and later to effect and preserve their freedom. In practice, this meant the compulsory introduction of a social and economic revolution in the face of stubborn resistance from the planters.

Noting the occasions on which the Combined Court had cut off Supply in order to enforce its will, the Commission observed that the "obduracy" of the planters had involved the Colony "in serious financial loss and had threatened to remove all safeguards to health, law and order." The Constitution, in fact, was narrowly oligarchical. As late as 1850, only 916 persons were registered as voters and, even so, they had no power to elect representatives directly to either Court. They voted only for a College of Electors.

In 1891, after the Combined Court had once again refused Supply, in protest against a report by the Government Medical Inspector criticising health conditions on the sugar estates, the Constitution was mildly liberalised. Nevertheless, "planters' rule" continued to all intents and purposes. A Royal Commission appointed in 1927 found that the power wielded by the elected members had produced hand-to-mouth finances and haphazard and ill-considered taxation: the Budget had been consistently in deficit, and "the administration of the health and educational services and . . . agriculture were stagnant."

In 1928 a more substantial reform took place. The Court of Policy and Combined Court were abolished, and their powers were given to a Legislative Council consisting of the Governor, ten official members, five unofficial members nominated by the Governor, and fourteen elected unofficial members. Five members of the Legislature, two being electives, were included in the Executive Council. In 1943 a further constitutional revision took place. The Legislative Council was made to consist of the Governor and twenty-four members, of whom three were official, seven nominated and fourteen elected. The executive power remained vested in the Governor, advised by an Executive Council as before. The franchise, which had been restricted to 11,000 persons in 1909, was still confined to those able to pass a literacy and property test.

## THE POST-WAR AWAKENING

To British Guiana, as to the rest of the Colonial Empire, World War II brought a sharp awakening of political consciousness. Hundreds of Guianese served in Europe and saw British conditions of life; the war brought Americans to build naval and air bases; the news of political progress in West Africa and the Caribbean Islands made an impact on a people already beginning to be influenced by education and Western ideas. By 1950 it had become apparent to the British Labour Government that a Constitution which the Secretary of State described in 1928 as "advanced," but which had in it little of the character of democracy, could no longer satisfy the legitimate aspirations of the Guianese people. Accordingly, the Secretary of State, Mr. James Griffiths, appointed a Commission (Sir E. J. Waddington, Professor Harlow and Dr. Rita Hinden) to review the Constitution.

The most important recommendation of this Commission was that universal adult suffrage should be introduced at the age of 21. Declaring that material possessions were "an imperfect yardstick of political sagacity," the Commission found equally little case for the retention of the artificial test of literacy.

The Executive, the Commission proposed, should consist of the Governor (with a casting vote), the Chief Secretary, the Financial Secretary, the Attorney-General—all appointed—one nominated Minister without Portfolio, and six Ministers chosen by ballot from the Legislature and vested with charge of departments of Government. Ministerial responsibility was to be individual, but one elected Minister should be chosen as "First Minister"—a first step towards a

Cabinet system. The Chief Secretary, as head of the Civil Service, should be responsible for Foreign and Commonwealth Affairs, Defence (including the police force) and Information. The other two official members would handle Law and Order and Finance, "which cannot yet be transferred with confidence to elected Ministers." The Governor would retain powers of dissent, reservation and declaration—"to be used only in matters of grave public consequence."

As for the Legislature, the Commission by a majority (the Chairman dissenting in favour of a unicameral system) proposed that there should be a House of Assembly, comprising twenty-four elected representatives and the three official Ministers, and a revisionary Chamber (the State Council) of nine members—six nominated by the Governor and three appointed by him in the ratio of 2:1 on the recommendation of the Majority and Opposition groups in the House. The revisionary Chamber was to have a suspensory veto of three months on Money Bills and of one year on all other Bills passed by the House. These constitutional proposals were accepted by the Secretary of State and duly promulgated by Order in Council.

The new régime, it will be observed, placed social welfare, health, education, public works, communications, agriculture, labour and industry in the hands of elected Ministers; but, apart from the checks and balances interposed by the delaying powers of the State Council and the overriding powers of the Governor, the key portfolios of Finance and Security remained, with control also of the Civil Service, in official hands.

## ECONOMIC STAGNATION

The economy and, to a large extent, the public finances of British Guiana are conditioned by the fact that the plantation interests turned it almost exclusively into a "one crop" country, and that the development of sugar growing during the past 150 years has been located in a coastal strip mainly below sea-level, so that the maintenance of drainage and communication canals, together with defences against flooding by rivers and the sea, has been a constant and onerous charge on the Colony's finances. Moreover, the plantation companies who, until recent years, dominated the Colony's policy, were not interested in the expenditure of public money either for social purposes or the development of any productive enterprises alternative to sugar. Reviewing the situation in 1948, the Evans Commission reported that conditions in the Colony could only be described as "economic stagnation." Budgetary income had expanded as a result of high war prices; but funds for development were still quite "inadequate." The policy of the sugar interests had been to secure increased and more profitable production from restricted acreage and not to expand the area planted.

Emphasis was laid on the imperative need for better communications and housing in the Colony; and the Commission considered that there was room, not only for greater exploitation of timber resources, but also for alternative crops —especially rice—if capital were provided for land reclamation in the coastal strip and the assistance of peasant settlement—a policy which the plantation companies, relying on a rural proletariat, have always resisted. The Commission favoured the establishment of a publicly-controlled Development Corporation, to spend up to £15 million in ten years. There was no reason, the Commission considered, why the Colony should not produce much of the farm and dairy produce now imported.

Admittedly, during the past decade, a more


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Cavatina: Vi ravviso, o luoghi ameni, "LA SONNAMBULA" (Act 1) — *Bellini*
Resta immobile, "GUGLIELMO TELL" (Act 3) — *Rossini*
Aria: Madamina! "DON GIOVANNI" (Act 1) — *Mozart*
Sussanin's Aria, They guess the truth, "A LIFE FOR THE TSAR" (Act 4) — *Glinka*
Le veau d'or est toujours debout! "FAUST" (Act 2) — *Gounod*
Mephistopheles' Serenade; Vous qui faites l'endormie, "FAUST" (Act 4) — *Gounod*
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enlightened attitude enforced by the Colonial Office has led to some betterment in the Colony. In 1942 the Budget was balanced at a bare £2 million a year. By 1951, revenue and expenditure had increased to about £5 million; and between 1940 and the end of 1951 the Colony had been allocated £3 million under the Colonial Development and Welfare Acts, of which £2 million had gone in drainage and irrigation. A serious defect in public finance, however, is that revenue from indirect taxation (approximately £7 per head) represents 58 per cent. of tax revenue. Income tax (including taxation of companies) covers only a quarter of the Budget.

In 1948, following the Evans Commission's report, the Colony was required to draw up a Ten Year Plan, in which land reclamation for peasant settlement, urgently needed rehousing, hydro-electric and other development schemes were intended to feature largely. Apart from the building of 2,500 houses, little has so far been done to carry the Plan into effect. A number of surveys have been conducted, but a constructive Report by a consulting engineer sent to British Guiana by the (Labour) Colonial Secretary is still pigeon-holed in the Colony's Public Works Department. That Report recommended the construction of a dam on the Canje, between the Corentyne and Berbice rivers, so as to reclaim a huge acreage of land for rice cultivation, and the establishment of a hydro-electric station on the Demerara River. It is generally supposed in the Colony that this Report was obstructed by the sugar interests.

As for health, as already noted, there has been an improvement in the death rate and live birth rate since 1920 as a result of the campaign against malaria and the use of D.D.T. insecticides; but surveys taken in schools in 1951 showed that 90 cent cent. in Georgetown (85 per cent. in rural districts) of the pupils were suffering from dental caries indicative of malnutrition, while signs of tropical diseases—ascaris ova, hookworm ova and others—were also discovered in unsatisfactorily high percentages. There are in the Colony 280 primary schools, with a school population of 78,000, and three State secondary schools with places for approximately a total of 1,000 children. The population of school age, 5-15, is estimated at well over 100,000.

## SUGAR EMPIRE

In the Colony there are about 13,000 peasant rice-farmers, who obtained in 1951 a crop of 65,000 tons from about 120,000 cultivated acres; and some 400-900 workers (varying according to season) are employed in small rice mills, where the minimum unskilled wage in 1951 was 23 shillings a week.

The Colony's ore resources are little known. High-grade iron ore was recently discovered in the Kanuku Mountains on the upper reaches of the Essequibo. Manganese has also been located in the North-west District of the Colony; this is now being exploited by an American mining firm. Anaconda Copper recently obtained a 5,000 sq. m. concession in the Omai area. On the Demerara River bauxite is worked at Mackenzie City by the Aluminum Company of Canada, a subsidiary of the Aluminum Company of America. Over 3,000 workers (5 per cent. being women and juveniles) are employed by the Company, unskilled wages in 1951 being 54 shillings a week. Mackenzie City is run on a system of strict racial discrimination. Dr. Jagan, the late First Minister, once applied there for the job of Company dentist, but discovered that he would have to live in one part of the town and his wife in another.

The only other occupation absorbing a substantial quantity of labour is timber, in whose extraction and processing 6,000 workers are employed, while 300-400 work in the hinterland for the British Guiana Consolidated Goldfields. The economic mainstay of the Colony continues to be the sugar plantations, whose labour force is approximately 28,000, including 6,000 women. Of this total, about 22,000 are engaged on field work and 6,000 in company-owned factories.

The British Guiana sugar industry, in its present form, is the classical type of monopoly capitalism ripe for public ownership. In 1834, when slavery was abolished, there were 400 separate estates. Today, including certain small annexes, there are only 21. Of these, 12 are operated by Messrs. Booker Bros., McConnell & Co., Ltd., who also own 11 factories; five by Sandbach, Parker & Co., Ltd. (three factories); and three by Messrs. S. Davson & Co., Ltd. The remaining estate, small in extent, is locally owned. Of the three large companies only Bookers is a public company. With interests also in South Africa, Bookers operate steamships and agencies and own hotels, garages, wharves and shops.

The industry, which in 1952 exported 200,000 tons, has been the subject of repeated investigations. In 1898, a Royal Commission complained that the planters had "seldom turned their attention to any other cultivation" than sugar; had not recognised social obligations towards their workers; and had confined their efforts to "putting pressure on the Home Government to secure attention to their views and wishes." In 1949, a two-man Commission composed of Mr. J. A. Venn, President of Queen's College, Cambridge, and Mr. R. Sudell, again investigated the situation. It found that less than half the area of all estates (155,000 acres) was then producing sugar. A map accompanying the Commission's report shows huge tracts of land between the cultivated sugar plantations abandoned and derelict, though the soil could be reclaimed.

The Commission reported that the sugar companies, organised in the Sugar Producers' Association, had made in 1947 an operating profit of approximately £400,000, representing about 10 per cent. on issued capital, reserves and undistributed profits. Observing that each square mile of cane cultivation involved the provision of 49 miles of drainage canals and 16 miles of high-level communication waterways, the Commission criticised adversely the antiquated methods of work still in use.

It found that "practically all cleansing and banking is still performed by hand," with men and women working up to their waists or even higher in the water. It recommended urgently an Ordinance making illegal the employment of women and girls in such work. Observing further that "it would not be true to state that every trace of the slave atmosphere on estates has been eradicated," it deplored the almost complete absence of mechanisation in field processes and the lack of modernisation in the factory machinery. The employment of children under 14 in the plantations had been forbidden in 1946; but the Commission found evidence of evasions. The work, the Commission found, was arduous and the hours long, involving an absence from home of 12 hours or more a day. Supplies of drinking water in the field were found to be quite inadequate, and standards of sanitation in the factories in many cases were unsatisfactory.

Wages of piece-workers in the field were found to be about 2 dollars (8s. 4d.) daily; but work is seasonal and irregular—usually three days a week—and in 1948 the average yearly earnings of adult male field workers were computed at £61 (£83 for male factory hands) and for all women workers (field and factory) £34 10s. Since then, cost of living bonuses have been raised, but prices have risen also. For instance, milk (4 cents per pint in 1938 and 8 cents in 1948) now costs 12 cents; while the prices of flour and cotton shirts have risen 200 per cent. and 500 per cent. respectively over 1938.

Surveying the housing situation—and in 1945 a local survey had disclosed that 2,309 out of 7,994 houses inspected in Georgetown were unfit for human habitation—the Commission called urgently for the demolition of the obsolete "ranges" of lodgings maintained on the estates.

> We inspected many of these ranges. In quite a number the corrugated iron roofs were leaking and the fabric of the buildings was in a general state of decay. In numerous instances temporary sheets or awnings had been fixed over the beds to keep off the rain. . . . The common latrines, often built over a drainage trench, are frequently in a bad state of repair, with little privacy.

The picture of social neglect thus presented by the Commission was completed by a description of over-crowded schools and an illiteracy rate of over 40 per cent. among the East Indians. The Commission recommended that the Government should take over all schools on estates. As for social welfare in general, is should be noted that, though there is an old age pension scheme (10,000 beneficiaries), the Colony has no health service or unemployment benefit scheme; while the Venn Commission emphasised that the Ordinances for accident compensation should be "strengthened" and factory inspectors, at last, be appointed.

## BEFORE THE EMERGENCY

The present emergency may be said to have had its origin in the General Election earlier this year and to have developed since then in three phases —the election itself, the four months between the election and the beginning of the sugar strike, and the period of the strike and the military emergency. The election was the first to be held under the system of universal adult suffrage embodied in the Waddington Constitution, and the first in which the People's Progressive Party (P.P.P.) figured as an organised political party. P.P.P. had, in fact, existed for some time, first as a political committee, then, after the 1948 strikes in the sugar plantations, as a mass movement. Dr. Jagan himself was elected to the Assembly in 1947 as an Independent under the restricted suffrage then prevailing. By the beginning of this year, P.P.P. had grown in strength and organisation, so that under the leadership of the Jagans, of Mr. Forbes Burnham, an Oxford graduate, Member of the English Bar and lately Minister of Education, Mr. Rory Westmaas, Mr. Sidney King, lately Minister of Communications and Dr. Lachmansingh, the founder of the Guiana Industrial Workers' Union and lately Minister of Health, it was able to draw up a coherent party programme and impose upon itself the disciplines of an adult political party. It became obvious, in a word, before the election took place, that P.P.P. would prove a force to be reckoned with. Indeed, the Undesirable Publications Ordinance, enacted just before the election, was ostensibly aimed (not without some success, be it admitted) against the introduction of subversive Soviet literature into the Colony; the real intention of many of those who most warmly advocated it was more probably to hinder the P.P.P. in distributing propaganda for social reform.

The P.P.P. election programme included a social security scheme; a beginning on a free health service, which would eventually become national; Government-controlled (and secular) education, in place of church and company schools; drainage and irrigation schemes (e.g., the Hutchinson plan for a Canje River dam, described above), followed

by the distribution in small-holdings of the reclaimed land; and, finally, nationalisation of the sugar plantations, without which the vicious system of exported sugar profits could not be ended and the social reforms could not be financed.

The reaction of the old order to the threat of a P.P.P. victory was an attempt to take the wind out of the Jagans' sails by copying some of their programme, but without threatening the sugar empires. The parties contesting the election, apart from the P.P.P., were the United Farmers and Workers Party, which seems to have been a small sectional organisation mainly representing the rural East Indian interests, and has not been mentioned in connection with the recent troubles; the National Democratic Party, described recently in the New York *Herald Tribune* as "dominated by business men . . . [its] candidates were mainly business and professional men and their appeal was principally one of opposition to the P.P.P."; and the United Guiana Party, which seems to have been generally recognised as being even more openly the champion of Big Business. Since the election these two have amalgamated into the United Democratic Party. All these three groups, though varying in the emphasis of their opposition to P.P.P. and differing about the important local issue of Caribbean federation (which P.P.P. has all along supported), could claim that they were campaigning ostensibly for increased production, land settlement for the peasantry, increased irrigation and better social services. As the editor of the Georgetown *Daily Chronicle* explained to a *Manchester Guardian* correspondent (24 March, 1953), the P.P.P. had issued such a popular list of aims that other organisations were compelled to follow. In fact, the N.D.P. and the U.G.P. were both regarded by politically conscious Guianese as being, directly or indirectly, a front for the employers and for their favoured union, the Manpower Citizens Association. The *Manchester Guardian* correspondent summed up the pre-election situation bluntly and shrewdly. "The P.P.P.," he wrote, "is better supplied with thoughtful and studious leaders than other Left organisations in the Caribbean, and they are not likely to behave in an irresponsible fashion, even if they gain an absolute majority." In the event, 70 per cent. of the electorate voted, and the P.P.P. gained a small, absolute majority of votes over all its rivals. In terms of power, it had 18 out of 24 seats in the Assembly, with six Ministerial seats in the Executive Council and two seats in the State Council. Dr. Jagan became First Minister, and the threat to the planters' supremacy became real and immediate.

In the early months after the election, the policy of the new Government was not, it seems, to challenge a head-on collision with the planters. As our Georgetown correspondent wrote in a despatch we published last week, Dr. Jagan, without abandoning his claim to lay the foundations of a specifically Socialist society in the Colony, was quick to recognise the limitations within which he was obliged to work. Some remarks of his, made after he became First Minister, give a pretty clear indication of the direction of his policy.

> Nationalisation is part of our Socialist programme, but the Party must decide the time to nationalise, depending on the circumstances. . . We are fully conscious of the role that private capital is playing and will play in the development of British Guiana . . . we will take such steps as will encourage and attract private capital for the development of the country and, above all, we will guarantee that the Government will honour and fulfil all its obligations and undertakings.

In fact, the first object of Government policy seems to have been to seek wider mass support for P.P.P., as a Government, among the non-White and working-class population. Before embarking on elaborate and costly schemes of social welfare (and still less tackling the nationalisation of the plantations), Dr. Jagan turned his attention to improving the working conditions of both the sugar workers and the domestic servants. At the same time, there seems to have been a conscious and sustained attempt to establish the P.P.P. as a multi-racial, popular party of nationalist and social reform. The Party leaders have made a special point of organising demonstrations and propaganda against the policies of Dr. Malan in South Africa and Mr. Lyttelton in Kenya. It was probably more than a coincidence that, in selecting these particular good causes, they chose those where Indians and Negroes were banded together. They must have realised from the start that they would need all the mass backing they could secure if they were to get a programme of reform past such a formidable combination as the Sugar Proprietors' Association and Mr. Lyttelton, backed by American interests and, as has subsequently become clear, by the State Department itself.

From the very earliest days of the Government, the employers have been trying to establish that the P.P.P. leaders were "Red Agents." Certainly, a number of them have expressed in some form or another sympathy for Moscow, and two or three have paid visits to jamborees on the wrong side of the Iron Curtain. Nevertheless, there has been nothing in their programme, other than the nationalisation proposal, which could shock the mildest Liberal reformer in a White country. Indeed, much of what the P.P.P. were advocating in terms of welfare had been recommended, both in the Venn Commission's Report in 1949 and, as recently as this summer, by the International Bank. Yet, without nationalisation and the destruction of the planters' private empire, it is difficult to see how the programme of welfare could have been financed and carried through. In all these circumstances, it seems more than likely that the P.P.P. leaders were flattered by the interest and attention they had succeeded in attracting in Communist countries; certainly they found nothing but hostility among most of the Britons they met. Even the British Labour Party seems to have ignored the existence of a Left-wing Government in the Commonwealth until the recent emergency hit the headlines. Yet the evidence that the P.P.P. leadership is, with the probable exception of the Jagans, in any significant way committed to Moscow is not clear. At the time of the election, a report in the *Manchester Guardian* described the Party leaders in terms which accord with all the evidence and have an inherent probability.

> Communist stock phrases (it wrote) are repeated parrot-like only by a few members who have spent some time in Europe and are strict in their obedience to Moscow. The leaders and most followers are far more interested in local problems and remember Laski's teachings more than Stalin's.

There is in this description the hint of a division in the leadership between the fellow-travellers and the rest; and this suggestion has cropped up more than once in recent weeks. In particular it has featured in official propaganda designed to justify the suspension of the Constitution. The likeliest interpretation of this division is that the Jagans, and a small handful of fellow-travellers with clearly defined political views, have been able to maintain a disproportionate influence among their less doctrinal colleagues largely owing to the bitter hostility of the non-official European community towards reform.

From the moment the election result was

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declared, it was to be expected that many of the planters would be spoiling for trouble, and that a serious clash would sooner or later occur, unless the P.P.P. abandoned the programme on which it had fought. In fact, the trouble came earlier than was expected and came on the classic issue of trade union recognition. The traditional and widely recognised union in British Guiana is the Manpower Citizens' Association (7,000 members), of which it is necessary to say only that it is apparently recognised and approved by both the S.P.A. and the Aluminum Company. In opposition to this "employers' union," has been growing up in recent months the Guiana Industrial Workers' Union, a still embryonic attempt to create a militant and independent union for general workers. Its president is Dr. Lachmansingh, who was also Minister of Health and Housing in the P.P.P. administration. Support of the G.I.W.U. was expressly part of P.P.P. government policy. At the beginning of September, after a summer of growing tension between workers and employers, the S.P.A. agreed to recognise the G.I.W.U. only if it amalgamated with the M.P.C.A. Dr. Lachmansingh refused and called the sugar-workers out on strike.

As we reported last week, there was a variety of demands for improved rates and conditions, but the basic objective of the strike was the recognition of G.I.W.U. This strike, which hit the planters at the time of year when they are most vulnerable, was openly supported by the Government. Indeed, the Trade Union Bill, whose passage through the Assembly was secured by the Government just before the suspension of the Constitution, had as its object the compulsory recognition of unions which the Minister of Labour, after due consideration, might "deem to be representative" of the majority of workers in an industry or establishment. This Bill, in effect, sought to win for the sugar-workers what, in the existing conditions of employment in British Guiana, they were not strong enough to win for themselves. For rather unexpectedly, in spite of Government support, the strike turned out to be a failure. After some three weeks, in which it was confined to the plantations, the strike leaders called, on Sept. 23, for a General Strike. Response was half-hearted; and, shortly after, the sugar strike collapsed. Work was resumed on the assurance that negotiations would be resumed. So far this assurance has led to nothing.

Last week, we described the sort of minor friction between the Governor and his Ministers which, in series, have contributed to the tension which preceded the Emergency. But all of these were minor incidents: they were symptomatic of the real alarm which the employers in the Colony felt over the Government's attitude towards the strike and its insistence on securing the passage of the Trade Union Bill. The Governor himself seems to have been amiably disposed, but insufficiently strong to resist the pressure which the planters brought to bear. He was, too, genuinely anxious about the Jagans' conception of Parliamentary democracy in the light of their public propaganda against the Waddington Constitution. It is not surprising, in all the circumstances, that a state of tension should have existed in a Colony run for years by men who depend for their profits on an inexhaustible supply of cheap labour, and suddenly taken over by a headstrong and wholly inexperienced nationalist Government, bent on social reform and the liquidation of the companies' private empire.

It is now generally admitted that the movement of troops to British Guiana, the overthrow of the P.P.P. Government and the suspension of the Constitution, formed a combined operation, which was planned for at least a number of weeks and which was kept secret by the Colonial Office and by the Governor until immediately before the landing of the troops. Indeed, after the troop and warship movements had leaked in the world Press, official spokesmen were insisting that no special measures were planned. The Georgetown deputy police commissioner, on Tuesday, October 6, told the *Daily Mail* that "there is nothing abnormal happening here whatsoever . . . no trouble . . . I have heard of no reinforcements. . . . Everything is completely normal."

Thus Mr. Lyttelton's *coup de main* was put in train at the time of the sugar strike and clearly related to that emergency, such as it was, and nothing else. There had, indeed, at that time, been no serious talk of "Red plots," apart from the traditional grumbling of the planters, who had seized avidly their opportunity to transfer their malice from the British Labour Government to a menace somewhat closer home. What happened at the time of the strike—unique in British colonial history—was that the Government of a Colony, in pursuance of the openly stated policy on which it had been elected, supported the strikers and not the employers. If it had been possible to complete the movement of troops during the period of the strike, no doubt the excuse would have been the restoration of law and order—though it may be noted in passing that reports at the time suggested that the strike was on the whole an orderly affair.

As it was, both the strike and the Parliamentary crisis over the passage of the Trade Union Bill had passed over before the troops could be landed; and, if the Colonial Office had not discovered a Red plot to overthrow the Constitution of the Colony, it is difficult to see what justification could have been claimed at that late date for suspending the Constitution, even though it might reasonably have been claimed that the Governor was justified in seeking some military reinforcement before using his reserved powers. In fact, these powers seem never to have been invoked. So thin, indeed, was the Colonial Office statement that it is difficult to find facts on which to do justice to Mr. Lyttelton's real motives. This summary may thus end by letting his friends speak for him. The *Scotsman*, on October 8, after complaining that the legislation of the P.P.P. Government had been controversial and "extreme Socialist" and grumbling that Ministers had been discourteous towards the Governor and permanent officials, and had refused to stand for the British National Anthem, was, none-the-less, able to report: "Despite a situation which has become so intolerable that the British Government have had no alternative but to despatch troops and warships, there is complete quiet in British Guiana today and conditions are normal." The *Daily Telegraph*, in its issue two days later, reported: "The U.S. Government today expressed its gratification at the steps taken by the British Government to prevent a Communist-dominated Government from gaining power in British Guiana." It commented editorially on the same day: "The election results . . . proved nothing more than the unfitness of the electors for the large degree of self-government that was so prematurely accorded them."

## SINCE THE SUSPENSION

*Our correspondent cabling on Wednesday from Georgetown reports:* All is quiet in Georgetown and, I gather, in the rest of the Colony. Disturbances and demonstrations, which followed immediately on the arrival of the troops and the suspension of the Constitution, have been minor and local. Yesterday the Governor walked in the streets of Georgetown apparently unguarded. In spite of the atmosphere of calm, however, security regulations have been tightened. In the last two days, an extensive search of P.P.P. offices and homes has begun. I was able to secure on Tuesday the following statement from Dr. Jagan:

*The British Government claim that their extraordinary measures were essential because of a "Communist plot" to create discord and overthrow the Government. No proof whatever of these charges has been adduced. Why has no charge been preferred against us if we are guilty of the actions alleged?*

*The Governor always knew that we intended to introduce progressive measures — adult suffrage for village and town council elections; land reform; the development of derelict sugar estates; the abolition of dual control in the schools; a scheme for bulk purchase, and a Bill to regulate labour relations. There is no doubt that the State Council would have held up all such measures under its delaying powers, and that eventually the Governor's veto would have been applied to our Bills. But this would have exposed to the people the nature and policy of the Executive. Hence, to obviate such exposure, the present action by the Colonial Office.*

*The issue of "Communism" is no more real than it was during the election campaign, when our opponents fought on an "anti-Communist" platform. The people voted with their eyes open; and the British Government's action is a challenge to the right to vote freely. The P.P.P. is a democratic alliance of all classes in British Guiana, united in a common struggle to achieve self-determination. Must the people of this Colony be told that they can vote, but not for a Left-wing party? Neither Communism nor the P.P.P. is on trial here. What is on trial is democracy.*


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# Correspondence

## "TOO DEAR TO EAT"

SIR,—The two main questions which readers of Barbara Castle's masterly article "Too Dear to Eat" must ask themselves are "With the world food situation becoming easier is there in fact any need to increase home agricultural production?" and, secondly, "If we want to increase home production, what can we do to see that costs are reduced?"

There seems to be general agreement, at least in the Labour Party, that, in spite of the present easing of the world food situation, the risk of long-term food shortage remains. Undoubtedly under the economic system ruling in most of the world today there will be from time to time more food produced than there is money with which to buy it. To this extent there will be recurrent food surpluses. But if the Labour Party is sincere in its desire to abolish not only poverty at home but poverty throughout the world, there will never be a food surplus, since from the nutritional point of view there is even today less food produced in the world than is sufficient to give everybody an adequate standard of nutrition. We are therefore surely right in pursuing an expansionist policy with regard to food production. Edward Hyams gives useful figures to emphasise this point, and also stresses what is of prime importance to the problem, namely the rising consumption of food which follows fast upon the heels of increased prosperity in under-developed countries. But none of this should make us ignore the need to lower food production costs at home. Increased production must lead to lower, not higher, prices.

One of the strongest arguments in favour of the security given to farmers by the 1947 Agriculture Act was that it would enable them to make long-term plans, and thereby increase their efficiency and reduce their costs. Until the last few months the long-term security has been there, but the corresponding increase in efficiency has not materialised to anything like the extent which might have been expected.

To my mind the only way in which this can be brought about is by fixing prices for an even longer period than at present—say for five or even ten years ahead, but on a gradually diminishing scale. Thus in the case of barley, for instance, the minimum guaranteed price of which is today 100s. per quarter, the price could be fixed for the next five years, with a reduction of 2s. per quarter annually, so that by 1958 the farmer would be receiving only 90s. per quarter. He would thus have five years in which to increase his efficiency to such an extent that he could lower his production costs by 10 per cent, but would be at liberty, if he felt that he was unable to do this, to change from barley growing to some other form of production.

With certain commodities it might be advisable, instead of reducing the price, to maintain the existing price but increase the quality standard. Thus the price of milk might be guaranteed at its present level for the next five years, with the proviso that at the end of the period the guaranteed price would be paid only for milk from attested herds, and with a minimum of 4 per cent butter-fat.

Naturally any variation in costs of production due to changes in wage rates, cost of feeding stuffs, fertilisers, fuel or machinery, would lead to price adjustments outside those laid down in the guaranteed price.

There should also be an obligation upon Breed Societies, or perhaps Marketing Boards, to improve efficiency. The Milk Marketing Board has already shown how this can be done by means of artificial insemination and milk recording. It is shameful that, with all our breeding experience extending back for 200 years, pig breeders of this country should feel it worth their while to pay fantastic prices for Landrace pigs imported from Sweden, when, had we pursued an enlightened pig-breeding, recording and marketing policy for the last 20 years, our own breeds would have been just as good.

Coupled with such schemes, means must be worked out for increasing the amount of money that the farmer pays for his land, preferably through some form of Land Tax. It would take too long to go into all the arguments in favour of such a step, or to suggest


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means by which it could be done. All that need be said here is that, whereas the cost of most of the factors in agricultural production have risen by between 250 and 300 per cent since 1939, rents have increased by less than 50 per cent. Land is therefore of far less relative importance in the cost of production than it was 14 years ago, and consequently the farmer concentrates his efforts more on obtaining the greatest output that he can per man employed rather than per acre cultivated. The next Labour Government should increase the Schedule "A" assessment on agricultural land from its present pre-war figure by 50 per cent per annum for three years till it reaches 250 per cent of what is is today, without giving any corresponding increase in price to meet this increased cost of production. This would not only force farmers to make better use of the land that they farm, but some of the existing discrepancies in profitability between fertile and less fertile farms would be removed, and there would be an increasing necessity for farmers to reduce their costs of production in order to pay this gradually rising tax.

H. D. WALSTON

Newton Hall,
Nr. Cambridge.

## COMPREHENSIVE SCHOOLS

SIR,—Mr. Mervyn Stockwood rightly mentions in his article on the Douglas High School that the two difficulties in connection with Comprehensive Schools most frequently discussed are those of the bright boy and the VIth form syllabus. I would suggest that there is a third difficulty which relates, not to the potential Grammar School pupils, but to those who would have attended a Secondary Modern School. It is implied in Mr. Stockwood's statement that "the boys in the Grammar stream fill the positions of responsibility."

In a Grammar School few of the positions of leadership and responsibility are held by pupils of the "C" forms, and yet pupils of similar intellectual capacities in Secondary Modern Schools hold such positions. One's chances of exercising responsibility—and to a large extent one's ability to do so—depend on how one's abilities, intellectual or otherwise, compare with those of the other members of the group to which one belongs; a child of only average ability is only likely to hold such a post among children of average, or below average ability. Something can be done to foster powers of leadership in children without obvious claims or abilities in that respect, by attitudes and organisation within the school—but there is a limit to what can be done in this direction. It is useless for a teacher to nominate a child to a post of responsibility unless that child can command the respect, without envy, of his fellows by some intrinsic superiority to them.

It seems inevitable that a large number of pupils now in Secondary Modern Schools and acting as prefects and games captains would in a Comprehensive School be denied these opportunities. This may or not be a good thing. If the latter, then it may or may not be more than compensated for by advantages. But it seems certain that in a Comprehensive School there would be a loss in education for social responsibility among many former Modern School pupils, and that this problem requires careful consideration.

MILDRED COLLINS

University College,
Leicester.

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## AFTER MARGATE

SIR,—The statement on Foreign and Commonwealth policy issued by the National Executive of the Labour Party to the Margate Conference has been hailed as the Party's most forthright pronouncement on international affairs for many a year.

So it is. But that is more a commentary on the irrelevance of previous utterances than a commendation of the present document.

The first world war was decided and largely fought in Europe. The second was still a war between nations in spite of the spread of the struggle into three continents. The framework of the third world war is now emerging and it becomes more apparent every week that it will not be a war between two Great Powers. It will not be a war between nations at all. It will be a war between continents and between races; a war in which Americans and Europeans will seek to maintain themselves as the *herrenvolk* of the world and to impose their will upon the peoples of Asia and Africa; a war in which Africans and Asians, aided by the power of the Soviet Union, will seek to overthrow the influence and might of the Western world.

The preliminary skirmishes in this war began shortly after the close of the second world war. *The essential feature in common in Indo-China, Korea, Malaya, Kenya, Egypt, North Africa is the presence of the armed soldiers of the West.* This simple and obvious fact is a major historical consideration of our times and a statement (however good otherwise) which ignores it, is perhaps worth a tinker's cuss but not much more.

The pledge of support for the United Nations Charter is only valuable providing it is backed by the conviction that if Labour were in power, the foreign policy of this country would be so re-orientated as to change the expression on the face of the world. Where is that conviction?

HUGH JENKINS

## THE VOCABULARY OF POLITICS

SIR,—May I have a final shot at correcting Mr. Woolf's truly dogged misinterpretation of the thesis put forward by Mr. Weldon and defended by Mr. Wollheim and me?

Mr. Woolf says: "It is a confusion of thought and language to say that anyone who . . . holds that democracy is 'right' is also maintaining that there are 'incontestable foundations' for democracy." Of course: Mr. Weldon's book is written largely to show that one does not imply the other; we are saying *as a fact of observation* and *not* as a logical necessity that many people do maintain this and that we think they are wrong. We say that the *relative* rightness of democracy does not imply its *absolute* rightness and that democracy is none the worse for it. But it is widely feared that, if there are no absolute standards against which democracy may be compared, then it has no value at all. Mr. Weldon gives good grounds for believing that this fear is groundless.

To deal with the second major point. If it is true that, "In Britain it is relatively easy for the populace to change the government," then the verifiable proposition within the quotation marks affords a good reason for preferring British democracy to a people's democracy, say, from our point of view. But if one says, "British democracy is better than a people's democracy because in England it is relatively easy for the populace to change the government," then the proposition is not verifiable (and here I agree with Mr. Woolf that such a proposition is not necessarily meaningless) except by establishing some arbitrary criterion and counting heads. This means that in one sense one's preference for British democracy rests on provable foundations and in another sense it does not; Mr. Woolf does not distinguish between the two.

I felt no obligation to comment on Mr. Woolf's last two paragraphs but since he thinks this significant I will assert that it seems to me no more "simple-minded" to think it possible that most political theorists in the past have struggled against a "fundamental fallacy" than to believe that nearly all astronomers prior to Copernicus were similarly handicapped.

JACK PARSONS

University College,
Keele, Staffs.

## RENOIR

SIR,—I have seldom read anything more ludicrous than John Berger's assessment of Renoir in terms of "the values imposed upon him by his class," for by "his class" it turns out that your critic means the bourgeoisie, to which Renoir belonged neither by birth nor by sympathies. As the Director of the Tate rightly points out in the preface to the catalogue of the present exhibition, Renoir's taste remained all his life frankly "of" the people.

It seems that what really bothers Mr. Berger about Renoir is that he was a great enjoyer without *arrière-pensée*, and that his zest for living found expression in paintings of lovely and untroubled contentment. This has nothing to do with class: indeed, most of his best pictures were painted when he was not materially in a position to enjoy "the bourgeois values of security, domesticity and leisure." But to dwell on the pleasant things, and to paint them—or to write about them—without any ulterior motive, is to admit that such experiences are still possible, which in certain circles today is no doubt a major heresy.

ALEC CLIFTON-TAYLOR

## HERR REUTER

SIR,—May I be allowed to correct a slight inaccuracy in the far too kind reference to myself in this week's London Diary? In my efforts in 1934 to secure the release of Ernst Reuter from his second imprisonment it was Dr. Hanfstaengel who responded to my appeal. I never met Goering, and Hanfstaengel, who was afterwards for some time interned here in England, was certainly less evil than most of his associates, and Reuter had reason to be grateful to him.

ELIZABETH HOWARD

## WATER IN COAL

SIR,—I was interested in Mr. Sydney Bushell's letter on the subject of the water content of smokeless fuels. We weighed 6 lb. of each of our last two lots of coke on delivery and again after 3 or 4 weeks' exposure on a tray in a warm room. The first, delivered on 2.3.53, lost 14 oz.; the second, delivered on 11.6.53, lost 13½ oz. This represents a coke water content of about 15 per cent which may have been higher in fact owing to the inefficient method of drying. Our solid fuel merchant is a well-known dealer. The firm has been approached in a friendly way about our findings. After the first delivery an offer was made to supply an extra cwt. of coke gratis with the next delivery and this was accepted although the firm was urged to find out where and how the coke absorbed the water and try to stop it. So far we have received no intimation of any preventive action.

I was unaware that there was the possibility of reform in the system of measuring fuel for sale. In view of this I suggest relevant information of the above sort be sent to The Domestic Coal Consumers' Council, Thames House South, Millbank, S.W.1.

N. F. COGHILL

# Books in General

At the beginning of April, 1921, E. M. Forster sat on a chair and "reflected with pleasure that there was not another European within a radius of twenty miles." How many English novelists of his generation, or of a younger generation, have ever been able to say the same? Would it not have been better for them, and for us, if there had been more of them? Whatever the answers to those questions, India provided Mr. Forster with what he calls "the great opportunity of my life." *The Longest Journey* could be considered his most surprising book; *Howard's End* may or may not be the best known and most widely read of his novels; but *A Passage to India* may conceivably be seen, when the uncertainties of contemporary assessment have fallen away, to be his most significant book. If there is any other imaginative work of twentieth-century literature in English which is in the least to be compared with it as a foreshadowing of the now wholly altered relationship of Europe and Asia, or as an illumination of the eve of the change, it would be interesting to know its name.

The chair on which Mr. Forster sat so fruitfully reflecting was in a palace in the State of Dewas Senior, the less unimportant of a pair of small States in the middle of India which have since come to an end. It was not the first time he had been there. The first visit, a brief one, was in 1912-1913, in company with Lowes Dickinson. The second was from April to November, 1921, when he held the post of private secretary to the ruler of the State, whom he had from the first admired and soon came to love. When *A Passage to India* was reprinted in the Everyman series in 1942 the dedication had been enlarged to include the name of "His Highness Sir Tukoji Rao Puar III, K.C.S.I., Maharajah of Dewas State Senior, whom I knew as Bapu Sahib." By that time Bapu Sahib was dead. On first acquaintance in 1912 he had seemed "a most charming and able young man"; in retrospect he is described as "certainly a genius and possibly a saint"; and the measure of Mr. Forster's special regard for him is in the statement:

> Quite often I did not understand him—he was too incalculable—but it was possible with him to reach a platform where calculations were unnecessary. It would not be possible with an Englishman.

Bapu Sahib, much harder for the reader to understand in spite of elucidation, is one of the two principal figures in Mr. Forster's new book*; the other is Mr. Forster himself.

Parrot voices down the years, even among the intelligentsia, have been heard protesting that he has not written enough, or often enough. Sometimes the parrots, if discussion has ensued, have shown themselves not to have read anything like all the works of this author and not to have apprehended very well the ones they have read. But even the dullest of them had an inkling that while other fictionists might be more copious, Mr. Forster had a quite uncommon claim to attention, because when he did write he spoke with what seemed unique conviction in a voice unlike anybody else's. To survey his writings as a whole, including the occasional essays and pamphlets and book-reviews, is to see each, even when below his best, as part of the whole utterance of a man with a forceful, complex, and altogether fresh comment to make about human beings. His knowledge of the way they do behave is inseparable from his concern about the way they might behave. It is as a critical commentator, as philosopher or moralist, not as a yarn-spinner, that he makes at the same time so entertaining and so formidable and consistent an effect.

*The Hill of Devi* is immensely entertaining and effective. Amounting, as its author says, to a "record of a vanished civilisation," it consists mostly of letters written by himself from Dewas in 1921, with a few from the earlier visit to India. They describe Bapu Sahib and his Court, the everyday happenings, the ceremonies and pleasures, the deeper aspirations and surface absurdities, the private and public harmonies and crises, notably those involving Indians with Anglo-Indians. All is reported vividly and with a play of feelings, with gaiety, indignation, anxiety, tenderness, sadness—but especially gaiety. And an interspersed commentary puts everything in perspective—or at least in Mr. Forster's perspective, for it was hardly his plan in this book to balance the merits of the British Raj, or the virtues and achievements of many of its upholders in his own or earlier times, against the strains of the situation in India as he knew it.

Mr. Forster has himself written *What I Believe*, and Rose Macaulay, in her book about him, had already made lists of the things he believed in—including personal relationships, individuality, affection, liberty, and democracy—and of those he disbelieved in—including nationalism, empire, militarism, Christianity, dictatorship, big business, and schoolmasters. It is plain that his opinions must have been widely regarded as evidence of sentimentality, weakness, or mischief-making, and they may continue to be strong irritants in some spheres. It is much to be hoped so. To have a head as well as a heart, and to be capable of letting the heart prompt if not rule the head, does not always make for the incubation of temperate views or for a demonstrative support of accepted notions: it is more likely to lead to the formulation of vital and sometimes uncomforting truths. Nor does the liberal rationalism of Cambridge and Bloomsbury—which has its blind spots and its own conventionalities—always act as an emollient. "Nothing enrages Anglo-India more," he wrote in *A Passage to India*, "than the lantern of reason if it is exhibited for one moment after its extinction is decreed": for "Anglo-India" it would be possible to substitute, with equal truth and at any time, far greater herds in other stamping-grounds. The gentleness, the wit, the skill, the charm of Mr. Forster's writing are famous: what is sometimes overlooked is its determinedly revolutionary nature. The playfulness of the letters in *The Hill of Devi* is delicious—but they are depth-charges. They are part of Mr. Forster's lifelong indication of a way of living our lives very different from any that is ever likely to be officially taught or approved anywhere.

"I have had twenty-five years' experience of this country," said the "thin, biting voice" of the Collector in *A Passage to India*, "and during those twenty-five years I have never known anything but disaster result when English people and Indians attempt to be intimate socially." Some of us, who have had the luck to find ourselves for any length of time in places where there was "not another European within a radius of twenty miles," whether in Asia or Africa or elsewhere, and who have been able to "reflect with pleasure" upon such a situation, have heard and pondered similar pronouncements. Without saying "I told you so," without pretending—at least too openly—to superior wisdom, we can at least remember having had some foresight of what the fear of intimacy might lead to, and having murmured some sort of warning. Affection, Mr. Forster remarks, was the only force to which Bapu Sahib responded, and, in the last of his letters of 1921, he observes that although good manners may not avert a political upheaval, they can minimise it. Intimacy and affection apart, in the rise of civil disobedience he saw a "paying for the insolence of Englishmen *and* Englishwomen out here in the past." So others have seen elsewhere—for instance, in the rise of Mau Mau—something generated by that lack of proper consideration on the part of a governing race towards the governed which amounts to an absence of good manners. Without them there can be no confidence and little hope, and nothing even approaching affection or intimacy.

Confidence, affection, intimacy: these were just what developed at Dewas between Bapu Sahib and Mr. Forster. But the post of private secretary to Bapu Sahib involved him in responsibilities for which he did not feel himself fitted by temperament or training. In the end he had to tell His Highness so, and furthermore to point out that he had not been required to do the sort of things he was fitted to do. Fancy expecting Mr. Forster to fiddle with electric light and motor-cars and irrigation, as if all Englishmen must be mechanically minded!

> Pipes have been laid on (for example) all down the flower border, and connected with an empty water tank. . . . It is connected—in its turn—with an almost empty well, and if there was any water in the well it would be raised into the tank by an electric pump of insufficient power to raise the water. You are not at the end of the chain yet, for the electric pump is connected with the Electric House, which is only on at night, when all its energies are required for the Palace lighting. So there we are, and there are the flowers dying.

As it happened, more than the flowers were dying: a civilisation was dying. Not just inefficiency but a blend of "idleness, incompetence and extravagance" was leading to bankruptcy for the State and exile for its ruler. Mr. Forster saw the muddle quite as clearly as any official could have done, indeed saw it more clearly than most officials might have done, because he always saw that there was "something precious" among the rubbish. Not having more than temporary and incidental responsibilities in his post he was without the anxieties of a career official, and could laugh, or seem to

* *The Hill of Devi: being Letters from Dewas State Senior.* By E. M. Forster. *Arnold.* 15s.

laugh, at nearly everything, at least in his letters home. He meant them to be amusing. They were and are; and it looks as if some day many Forster letters, collected and edited and printed, are going to make a full and brilliant complement to his printed work. It is a safe bet that they will prove more durable, as they are certainly more truthful and diverting than—no, comparisons are uncalled for.

One of the show-pieces of this new book is an account of a religious festival and its fantastic "rites in which a European can seldom have shared." It shows Mr. Forster doing his best to understand religious emotion and to make allowances for it, like somebody in a Max Beerbohm drawing. When his biography comes to be written, it will be illuminating if his anti-religious feelings can be traced to their various sources, some of which are obvious. The account of the festival prompts a re-reading of certain chapters in *A Passage to India*. About the composition of that book Mr. Forster now prints a note, with the interesting information that he might not have completed it without the encouragement of Leonard Woolf.

WILLIAM PLOMER

## NEBUCHADNEZZAR

One morning when they came to rouse me
From my imperial sleep they found me
Not as a proud emperor sleeping,
But as a hideous monster creeping.
One said: "What manner of thing is this?"
Another: "No denizen of palaces!"
And thereupon into the wilderness they sent
Me, without crown or raiment.

O dreamt-of day, oracles could not warn
Of my punishment then—not exile, but the scorn
Of children as in glee they drove me out
Of great Babylon with stone and shout.
Is it a merciful god who so commands
A sinner to suffer at those innocent hands?
All animal then, I might have snapped their heels.
Instead, slunk out to lick my wounds and weals.

At last, after endless wanderings, I came
To a natural covert in wide Euphrates' plain
And there, new-sworn to some strange brotherhood,
Curled up my limbs as lion and leopard would.
And forty days and forty nights went by
As in my animal sleep under the sky
I learnt the covenant of creeping things,
Unlearnt the law and literature of kings.

After such knowledge, how could my waking seem
More than the metamorphosis of a dream?
The nightmare beasts that thundered through the dark
Thickets of sleep or from the ark
Of memory rampaged through the night—
These very beasts, grown gentle in the light,
Frisking my limbs with their indelicate breath,
Nudged me to daylight, nuzzled me from death.

I loved them then with a most happy love
And might have wept if animal tears could prove
Human beatitude. But all that day
Speechless with prophecy I lay
And watched the sun roll onwards from the East.
Was it a shadow only—or did some beast,
Freed of the Babylonian rock and thorn,
Slouch towards Bethlehem to be born?

J. C. HALL

## WORLD REVOLUTION

**The Pattern of Communist Revolution.** By HUGH SETON-WATSON. *Methuen.* 25*s.*

A Communist looking round the world today with Mr. Seton-Watson as his guide might well say: "Yes, we make appalling mistakes; frankly our record about Germany, Stalin's errors when dealing with the peasants, and sometimes our treatment of satellites have been as bad and disastrous as Mr. Seton-Watson says. But somehow, we have not done so badly, have we? Communism did not exist except as a theory forty years ago; today it rules from the Oder-Neisse line to Vladivostock and Canton; it possesses hydrogen bombs and no one dares attack it. It has adherents in every part of the world and the coloured races are increasingly attracted to it as an ally against the old Imperial Powers. We are not depressed by Mr. Seton-Watson, nor impressed by his summary of the things that capitalists should do to defeat us because we know that capitalism doesn't do such things. If it did behave as liberal reformers suggest, it would not be capitalism. It is because capitalism is what it is that we have made our giant advance in spite of our Himalayan mistakes."

I am not sure what answer Mr. Seton-Watson would give. For the chief weakness of his book is inadequately to appreciate the force of Nehru's remark about the movement of minds all over Asia and Africa; this would be changing the equilibrium of the world even if there were no Communists. His picture is too static. That does not mean that it is not careful, scholarly, and over a surprisingly large part of his impossibly huge field of research, intimately informed. When he deals with Russia, Germany and the Balkans, his knowledge is probably as good as that of any living Western writer. He knows the languages, the peoples and their customs. He has deep sympathy with the oppression from which they suffered before Communism supplanted Tsardom and other monarchical tyrannies. He sees their struggle from inside—so much so that he underestimates the effects of Western policies on the subsequent revolutions. He is right, of course, in saying that Communists exaggerate the size of Allied intervention in Russia at the end of the first World War. But it would not be difficult to show that he himself underestimates the influence which fear of Soviet Communism had on the Allied statesmen at Versailles and the profound psychological effects of the phase of intervention. He makes no mention of the story (told by Mr. Hooyer's lieutenant in 1944) of how Mr. Hoover starved out the Bela Kun Government. Mr. Hoover may well have exaggerated his prowess, but Mr. Seton-Watson's analysis of Bela Kun's failure altogether omits the part played by Western hostility.

The same type of defect appears in a more serious form in his account of Communism in the East where he has, I think, much less first-hand knowledge. He makes no reference, for instance, to the decisive arrival of British gunboats at Hankow in 1927. He underestimates the importance of American intervention in China at the end of the second World War; it is at least arguable that if General Marshall's policy had been followed, China would still not be a Communist country. Again, he does not mention the immense influence of Japan's defeat of Russia in 1905 which convinced young men in Burma and Indo-China, in Malaya and Indonesia, that it was possible for Asians to defeat Europeans. One result of this omission is that Mr. Seton-Watson does not realise the effect of long years of imprisonment suffered by Nationalists and Socialists at the hands of the Dutch, the British and the French before Communism ever appeared on the scene. In the Slavonic world Mr. Seton-Watson has personally known and respected many of the individuals engaged in the revolutionary struggle. He does not write as if he had met the Asian leaders whose attitude to the Western Powers was conditioned by very similar experiences to those of the peasants' and workers' leaders of Yugoslavia or Bulgaria.

Mr. Seton-Watson is a careful and scholarly writer who makes a resolute attempt to be fair. He is not afraid to generalise, but tries to confine his comment to an occasional acid quotation. Certainly nothing could better round off his account of Russia's period of appeasing Hitler than Molotov's comment when Hitler attacked Russia: "We did not deserve this." In his last chapter he attempts to summarise the reasons for Communist failure and success and give his own succinct advice to the West about the right way to combat world Communism. He attacks both Right and Left. I am generally in agreement with him except where he summarily dismisses as dangerous and illusory the idea of creating any kind of third grouping between the United States and the Soviet bloc. He ends with the admirable remark that

> Every blow against injustice in a British or French village or workshop is a blow against Stalinism. But the blow should be struck, not because it weakens Stalinism but because it will lessen the volume of injustice in the world. Those who see in social and political reforms no more than tricks to defeat Communism, will achieve few reforms, will do their country small good, and will perhaps not even defeat Communism. Poverty and tyranny, social oppression and race hatred are evil things. These every man of goodwill should fight, in his own country or outside, as long as minds and limbs have strength.

But can a serious analysis end at this point? I do not for a moment make the mistake, which Mr. Seton-Watson properly castigates, of equating the total loss of political freedom in the Communist world with the still comparatively minor injustices in Britain or America. But when I look at the colonial world, at, for instance, the struggle for freedom in Africa today, I wonder whether he has not blinded himself to rather more than one half of his problem. His general picture is of a free world marred by minor blemishes, threatened by an evil foreign doctrine and an unscrupulous organisation. My eyes are less riveted on the Communist attack and more concerned with those great technical and psychological forces that are at work within the society which I, no less than Mr. Seton-Watson, hope can remain relatively free. I see forces at work which are not created by Stalinism or by McCarthyism. Capitalism, indeed, in the old sense, is already disappearing, and Mr. Seton-Watson should recall that the horrific picture of the future drawn by George Orwell (whom he quotes) is not of the Soviet Union, deeply though Orwell hated it, but of the future civilisation of all the three great Power blocs which he foresaw as probable for the world in only thirty years' time. The evils of an Acquisitive Society and the dangers of world tyranny arising from its disruption are not the creations of Communism. Mr. Seton-Watson should follow up his magisterial analysis of world Communism with an equally thoughtful and comprehensive book entitled "The Pattern of Capitalism in Decay."

KINGSLEY MARTIN

## CORBIE-STEP AND CORBEL

**Scottish Castles of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries.** By OLIVER HILL. *Country Life.* 6 *gns.*

Scottish architecture of the middle ages and almost up to the Union often has a quality difficult to explain. It might be described as a streak of profound innocence such as we perceive, or think we perceive, in very primitive art and in children's drawings: an innocence which can surprise over and over again, which defies transfusion into modern work but which makes certain kinds of Scottish building as perpetually refreshing to the creative mind as they are exasperating to the scholar. This quality might, of course, also be called fumbling, so much Scottish building, from James IV onwards, being patently a matter of trying to do French things without French tools, materials or technique. Yet how this "fumbling" strikes the imagination and how it leaves its mark! Consider the coupled towers of Rowallan with

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IN the context of 1953 this last volume of Sir Winston Churchill's War Memoirs is the most enthralling. It is an account not so much of the series of great victories that ended the War as the story of the personal negotiations between Churchill, Stalin and Roosevelt, and later Truman, about the shaping of the post-war world.

In American eyes, at least, the word Yalta has become synonymous with Munich. Sir Winston now tells what really was agreed there and in what manner the Russians voided their pledges.

Equally absorbing is his account of how the Western armies failed to carry out the occupation of Berlin, Vienna and Prague, all of which would have had a profound effect upon the present situation. How, too, America's feeling that British "ambition" after the war must be curbed led to fatal divergence between American and British dealings with Russia.

The whole volume is summed up in Sir Winston's words "How the Great Democracies triumphed, and so were able to resume the follies which had so nearly cost them their life".

***That is why he has named it—***

**'TRIUMPH AND TRAGEDY'**

*BEGINS ON* OCTOBER 23rd *IN THE*

**Daily Telegraph**

their idiot hats, their girdle of stone rope and that ruthless flight of steps lancing into the archway. Or look at Craigievar, Midmar and Fraser which seem not so much to stand upon the ground as to have come up through it. They seem like that for the too simple reason that there is no plinth or water-table. Why is there no water-table, when the upper parts are bound as tight as can be with corbel-courses and balustrades? Is it because the prototypes of these buildings came up from moats and therefore had no use for water-tables? Possibly; but how odd, in the play-time of castle building, to go on forgetting about these things. And then there are the details—that inexplicable heraldic doodle at Huntly going for yards and yards up the tower, or the garden wall at Edzell which has a Hindu look and Roman soldiers in Gothic vesicas and is dated 1604. There are odd things in Scottish architecture.

One of these days, art-historians will notice them. But it has not happened yet and the last serious work on Scottish castles was the purely archæological inventory compiled by MacGibbon and Ross and published in five volumes in the Eighties and Nineties. It still is the only "serious" coverage in the academic sense, for Mr. Oliver Hill's very delightful and splendidly illustrated book is an architect's appreciation rather than an antiquarian's survey. It certainly is a relief to the southern student to be delivered from David MacGibbon's competent but oh-so-monotonous line drawings, and to see the old subjects through the lenses of *Country Life* photographers. It is odd, though, how genteel they are all made to look. The light of Scotland is gentle, not genteel; and the castles are hard and naked-looking. Here they all look as if the late Sir Robert Lorimer had just left and a Royal visitor was imminently expected on the lawn (and, incidentally, how much in these pictures is by Lorimer and his restoring predecessors? One would have welcomed more precise annotation). Again, are all the best Scottish castles the inhabited castles? There are few ruins here and they are less well photographed. Crichton, where a Scottish mason most excitingly tried to be Italian, is awarded only one indifferent detail; Claypotts and Elcho are surely worth more than they get; and where are Balbegno (only the painted vault is illustrated), Gardyne with its all-stone turrets and Regent Morton's Drochil? Perhaps they are not as photogenic as a reviewer who knows them only through MacGibbon thinks they ought to be.

Mr. Hill's book costs a trifle more than a third-class return ticket to Edinburgh but has the advantage, if it is an advantage, that his weather is uniformly fair; there is no wet masonry in the whole book. There are well-drawn plans, essays on the origin of the Scottish castle, its decoration and the human and goblin life which once flowed through it. In a compressed introduction on the political history of the period Mr. Christopher Hussey keeps one guessing how the Scottish nobility could ever find the time or the heart to enjoy building at all.

JOHN SUMMERSON

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Eric Linklater is so versatile a writer that his every novel is a surprise, and this story defies comparison with its predecessors except for one thing: it is perhaps more sharply dramatic. The time is the present, the theme is fraud and much of the action takes place in a lonely house in the highlands inhabited by odd but most convincing characters.

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JONATHAN CAPE


## THE "FLYING FOOL"

**The Spirit of St. Louis.** By CHARLES A. LINDBERGH. *Murray.* 21*s.*

Everyone knows a few individual ships, horses and even steam engines by their Christian names, but aeroplanes, like cars, tend to be grouped in families and species. *The Spirit of St. Louis* is for most of us an exception. Lindbergh's 'plane was more than a conveyance; it immediately became, like Bucephalus, part of his legend. It was the littleness of the machine, its one engine and its one pair of wings, that contrasted, like the youth of the pilot, with the hugeness of their joint achievement. But we forget two things. We forget the competitive element, the 25,000-dollar prize offered for the first direct flight between New York and Paris, that had lined up several aviators, mostly in pairs, mostly in biplanes, on both sides of the Atlantic when Lindbergh took off alone from Roosevelt Field. And we forget that he was not a particularly popular entrant for the race. He was the suicidal "flying fool." If he had crashed, he would not have had even the consolation of public sympathy. When he succeeded, the Press knew they were safe to spread themselves on every detail of the man, the machine and the flight—the packet of sandwiches, the hand-mirror loaned by a girl at the airfield, the charts cut to the narrow strip of his great-circle route to save the weight of extra paper, Lindbergh's shout from the cockpit to the skipper of an Atlantic trawler fifty feet below, "Which way is Ireland?" It was all too wonderful. Would Lindbergh, when he came to write about it twenty-five years later, destroy the legend in anger at its popular misrepresentation?

He has not destroyed it because it was never truly misrepresented. No amount of self-examination or technical detail can blur its exciting simplicity. His main difficulty has been to maintain through five hundred pages a story that can be told in a few headlines. The idea of the transatlantic flight is conceived, the 'plane is designed and built, it takes off with its huge weight of petrol (this was the one moment of extreme danger), and then it flies, on and on for 33 hours and 3,500 miles, towards a continent which he had never seen. Unlike Columbus, unlike Hillary, this supreme event of his life left Lindbergh with almost nothing to do, and little to record. Having no radio, he was in solitary confinement. Having rejected all but the most essential instruments, he had few technical problems to stimulate his mind. He was simply carried, 100 miles in each hour, eastwards, the time and the distance becoming almost synonymous in his mind, as mere notches in the ratchet that drew him slowly towards Europe.

He confesses that his mind became dangerously blank, like an exhausted sentry's. But in his narrative he has filled in the gaps between the hourly logs by lengthy recollections of his youth. His childhood was in the proper Huckleberry tradition, but his early stunt-flying ("I once stood on the top wing of an airplane while it looped") was not considered quite worthy of the Lindbergh legend by his later idolators. It makes good reading now, and I did not find these long flash-backs tedious or distracting. They are necessary to suggest the lapse of time during a tremendous experience that was almost without incident; and they throw a light on Lindbergh's character which a bare record of his flight would have left comparatively dark.

He emerges as a conscientious adventurer:

> Wing-walking, parachute-jumping, pursuit 'planes, the night-mail, and now this flight across the ocean—I've never chosen the safer branches of aviation. I've flown for the love of flying. . . . I've simply studied carefully whatever I've undertaken.

The T. E. Lawrence manner was not natural to the early Lindbergh. He was sociable and actually eager for publicity. His poetic imagination was not stimulated by the conquest of space, nor was his conscience troubled by the menace of air-power. He did not pretend, like modern airmen, that it was a matter of indifference to him who held the records so long as aeronautical science progressed. He wanted the record for himself and *The Spirit of St. Louis*, and he was neither displeased nor spoiled by the immediate impact of his fame. What is remarkable, considering all that has happened to change his character and shadow his reputation, is that he has managed to recover in 1953 the exact mood and inspiration of 1927. Perhaps a clue is contained in the dedication: "To A.M.L., who will never realise how much of this book she has written." It owes to his wife, with all her human and literary sensitiveness, a great deal that Lindbergh by himself might have missed.

NIGEL NICOLSON

## HARD TIMES

**Letters from Charles Dickens to Angela Burdett-Coutts.** Edited by EDGAR JOHNSON. *Cape.* 25*s.*

Miss Burdett-Coutts in her own way was little less remarkable than Dickens in his. They met when they were both in their twenties, he at the beginning of his fame, and she the tall, thin, plain, fabulously rich heiress who lived in lonely splendour in Stratton Street and could have married anybody. She did, in fact, refuse all her innumerable suitors, devoting herself instead to a life of unprecedented philanthropy; and it was not until she was sixty-seven, and had been raised to the peerage by Queen Victoria, that she fell in love with a young American of twenty-eight and resolutely married him, thus adding to an austere career a final touch of the bizarre which Dickens would have found fascinating.

She engaged his help in her philanthropic schemes, and for many years he worked as her unofficial agent, handling her disbursements, drawing her attention and wealth away from the religious charities to which she was first attracted and directing them into such practical channels as better housing for the slums, elementary education for the ragged children who swarmed in them, and rescue work among prostitutes. They corresponded constantly about these projects, and the immense collection of his letters to her, which belong to the Pierpont Morgan Library and have now been edited by Professor Edgar Johnson, Dickens's latest biographer, show him to have been so active and assiduous in her philanthropies, so tirelessly generous of his time and thought, that it is remarkable he had any time left for his own prodigious concerns.

The reforms which she attempted to hasten by money and example, Dickens at the same time pursued imaginatively through his art. His immense prowlings about London, the pullulating underworld London of Mayhew and Doré, had given him a knowledge of poverty, misery and vice which she could never touch at first hand. It haunted and terrified him. He could not believe but that human beings so wretched and degraded must one day rise and tear the country-

apart. "The people," he told her, "will not bear for any length of time what they bear now. I see it written in every truthful indication that I am capable of discovering anywhere. And I want to interpose something between them and their wrath. For this reason solely, I am a Reformer heart and soul. I have nothing to gain—everything to lose (for public quiet is my bread,—but I am in desperate earnest, because I know it is a desperate case."

He did not write political pamphlets, or represent the desperate case in Parliament, as some of his critics seem to think he should. Being pure artist, and no politician, he took the more telling and oblique course open to art, and spoke the grievances of misery in terms as strong as any to be found in the harrowing parliamentary committee reports of the period. He had no time for the genteel-religious approach; letter after letter hammers on the vital need for light and air, for good housing as against tracts and soup, for running water and baths and gas and gardens, for schools and colour and imagination in the lives of the poor. Again and again he stresses the belief that filth and crime and prostitution are the natural fruits of filthy and hopeless conditions, nothing whatever to do with original sin.

In nothing does his humanity and common sense display itself more vigorously than in all his dealings with the home for prostitutes which he and Miss Burdett-Coutts established at Shepherd's Bush. The scheme was to receive young women on their discharge from prison, educate and encourage them for a period in homely surroundings, and finally help them to emigrate. Day after day, during the years of his most exuberant literary output, Dickens visited the home, checked its accounts, engaged or dismissed its matrons, saw to its drains, chose right materials for the girls' overalls, accepted or refused candidates, and tried to resolve the innumerable maddening rows and quarrels that are a permanent feature of such enterprises, which have to do with tough delinquents as well as Little Em'ly. The girls were difficult and the matrons were difficult; some of the letters about Urania Cottage are extremely funny. But out of it all came satisfying results: of the fifty-six women received between 1847 and 1853, twenty-nine were successfully reclaimed, and afterwards did well; a high proportion, as anyone with practical experience of the subject must agree.

Through their many years of close co-operation Dickens and Miss Burdett-Coutts became fast and mutually respectful friends. She had from the beginning taken a benevolent interest in his children, and had paid for the whole education of his eldest son, Charley, a generosity for which Dickens, whose cradle filled fast, was frankly grateful. Their friendship was sufficiently close, at least, for him to feel that he owed her a special explanation—so far as he was able to give it—of his separation from Catherine Dickens, with whom he had lived, in the mounting tension of mutually exasperating intimacy, for twenty-two years; and these letters leave one in no doubt that the breach was inevitable and hopeless. They pained Miss Burdett-Coutts, as they still have power to pain the reader today, by the extraordinary bitterness, the evidence of real hatred for his wife, which he did not try, or perhaps was unable, to conceal. Miss Burdett-Coutts made several attempts at mediation, but even after six years of separation he remained as resolute on this point as at the beginning. "Do not think me unimpressed by certain words in your letter concerning forgiveness and tenderness when I say that I do not claim to have anything to forgive—that if I had, I hope and believe I would forgive freely—but that a page in my life which once had writing on it, has become absolutely blank, and that it is not in my power to pretend it has a solitary word upon it."

MARGARET LANE

CORRECTION

We regret that by an error in our review of recent periodicals, in the issue of October 10, Mr. Anthony Thwaite was referred to as Anthony *Racente*.

## ENDS AND MEANS IN ASIA

**Report on Mao's China.** By FRANK MORAES. *Macmillan.* 27*s.*

**Window on China.** By RAJA HUTHEESING. *Derek Verschoyle.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

**Minds in Movement: A Quaker Study of Asia and the West.** *Gollancz.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

It is a great advantage to anyone describing contemporary China to have lived there in the days of the Kuomintang; this is the comparison which Chinese themselves make, and which, having made, leaves them with no alternative to support for the Communist regime. In this respect alone, Frank Moraes, Editor of *The Times of India*, can write with much greater authority than his colleague, Raja Hutheesing; he served as a war correspondent in China and travelled throughout South-East Asia. Raja Hutheesing first visited China on a non-official delegation in 1951, and returned as a journalist in 1952 attached to the cultural delegation of which Frank Moraes was a member.

Inevitably, the two cover a great deal of the same ground—progress in land reform, visits to such projects as the harnessing of the Hwai River, nights at the Chinese opera, the role of the Soviet Union in developing Chinese economy and the process of indoctrination. Frank Moraes has written by far the abler of the two books; not only does he see China in perspective, but he is objective and fair in his appraisal of Communist achievements. Raja Hutheesing had all the preconceived ideas of an emotional anti-Communist long before he set foot in Peking. In the "tyranny of repetition," of facts which he could not check, of statistics which he was unable to verify, in conversations "checked and double-checked by a colleague" he writes that he "now knew at first hand the world of Orwell's *1984*." Nevertheless, although his judgment is often snap and sour, he could not but observe the enthusiasm of the peasant for his newly acquired piece of land. Here, he admitted, was the new

*Ready 22 October*

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faith which is the "bulwark of strength behind Mao's Government." But only for the present. In the regimentation of people's minds he sees a "new slavery" and the seeds of China's own decay. We do not know the future of Chinese Communism or the adaptations to Chinese conditions which have so characterised the absorption of external influences in her past history. Whether Communism with its international ramifications will prove an exception is one of the big question marks in any analysis of the present regime.

Frank Moraes, amazed by the "furnace of activity which is Communist China," set out to discover the means by which this transformation had been achieved. The Communists had convinced the masses that at all stages they were associated with the Government and that "in working for the national welfare each individual labours for his own good." Instead of the despair and frustration which depressed him in Kuomintang days, he sensed in the China of 1952 the feeling of "spring in the step of China's youth." This was much more than a material change, though that change had taken place; women were miraculously emancipated; millions of peasants now owned their land, their rice-bowls were full, and they and their children had opportunities for education which had previously been the monopoly of a small scholar class.

Mr. Moraes tells a popular story, illustrating Chinese pragmatism. A farmer with four children bought a bicycle, a Thermos flask and six electric torches after a single successful harvest. "Why six," a neighbour asked. "My daughter-in-law," he answered, "is expecting twins." Will people with such a powerful sense of possession submissively accept the collectivisation for which Communist cadres are already paving the way by careful propaganda? Mr. Moraes believes that this can only be achieved by bringing the entire "rural society . . . into absolute subservience to the State." The same means will be adopted in industry. In the cultural field the process involves drilling a whole nation in one fixed parade of thought and word and action. He saw signs of this process in nursery schools and universities, in the "patterned refrain" of slogans, in the stereotyped newspapers, in the labelling and docketing of everything at home and abroad, and in the control of all social, economic and cultural societies. It repelled him.

The concluding chapters of *Report on Mao's China* discuss ends and means in the context of revolution in China and in India. The use of moral suasion as an instrument for political and social regeneration—which is traditional in Indian philosophy and the basis of Gandhian teaching—was never a part of Chinese tradition. As Mao once remarked "a revolution is no invitation to a banquet."

This vital difference in means is also the theme of *Minds in Movement*, a stimulating, well-written and courageous report prepared by a group of Quakers, all of them with first-hand knowledge of Asian countries. Whilst recognising the great achievements of Chinese Communism, they assert that Communism "rules in the last resort by fear" and sacrifices "the sanctity of the individual to 'the greatest good of the greatest number.'" At the same time they reject the idea that Asia can be fitted into a Western blue-print, and suggest that both tradition and urgency demand a concentration of power "which may appear to Western thinking as temporarily undemocratic," though this does not necessarily imply the totalitarianism practised in Communist countries.

Asians will have to develop their own types of society. Their background is different from that of the Western world; they have a wide diversity of cultures, much wider than those of Europe, but they have a common economy based on land and the taxation of grain; the village, not "the city republic" was, and still is, the centre of life, the guardian of culture; the differentiated pattern of Western society where politics, philosophy and science are separated from one another contrasts with the integrated society based on Asian religions whether mystical, as in the case of Hinduism and Buddhism, or ethical as in Confucianism and Islam. The Asian Revolution, the major fact of our age, means a confidence, however stumbling, in nationhood, an awareness that poverty is humiliating and unjustified in the twentieth-century world of plenty. The ends are unanimously desired in these fifteen poorest countries where 50 per cent. of the world's peoples live on less than 9 per cent. of its total income. What is at stake is the means by which they can be achieved, and the Quakers, like Frank Moraes, believe that the "non-violent, social revolution" which Gandhi advocated and which Vinoba Bhave now leads in India is a challenge to every Asian country.

As for the West, they urge an end of paternalism and an extension of economic assistance along the lines of a World Development Authority in a "spirit of co-operative adventure." They rightly stress the need for a different pattern of thought—the recognition of a new Asia which has "upset the old equilibrium and balance of power."

DOROTHY WOODMAN

## OUR RUDE FOREFATHERS

**The Age of Paradox: A Biography of England 1841-1851.** By JOHN W. DODDS. *Gollancz.* 22*s.* 6*d.*

**English Radicalism.** By S. MACCOBY. *Allen & Unwin.* 42*s.*

The past is an inexhaustible bran-tub from which the historian extracts odd articles for our delight or instruction. It is usual for the historian to make some sense of these fumblings, arranging his discoveries in a pattern comprehensible to us, though probably less so to those who laid down the original stock. The conventional assumption is that our ancestors spent all their waking day in politics. Unlike us, they brooded perpetually on the evil deeds of Russia or grasped in a flash the significance of the Budget. Their first question in the morning was—who is Prime Minister? their last at night—who controls the party machine? A few more heretical historians suggest that men also worked; and we see them at the endless treadmill of loom or coal-face. It is very rare for our forefathers to be permitted merely to live.

Professor Dodds has fished up his articles without trying to sort them afterwards. His book is not even a biography of a decade; it is a chronicle of One Damn Thing After Another. Anything will do to keep the book going—sewers and the Oxford movement; Dickens and Mrs. Manning (no relation of the Cardinal despite being a scarlet woman); the Chartists and the music-halls. The conventional Victorian disappears. Instead we have a thrusting, rowdy age, facing disaster at one moment and anticipating peace on earth the next—the old England of zest, violence, moral uplift and economic ruthlessness. A little of the book goes a long way. The effect is at first exciting and stimulating; but the constant change of theme soon batters the reader into exhaustion. Then he can look at the excellent illustrations. No doubt life was very like this, but who wants life in books anyway? We get quite enough of it when we are not reading.

Dr. Maccoby sounds as though he were on a more defined track, and an important one too. Radicalism has been an essential element in English politics since the time of Paine and Cobbett. It never counted for more than in the old age of Gladstone and in its brief Edwardian triumph. But it turns out that Dr. Maccoby, too, writes on the rag-bag principle. He ties together excerpts from current speeches, leaders from *The Times*, a little general history; and hopes that a picture of Radicalism will somehow emerge. There is no attempt to explain who the Radicals were or where they found support, no analysis of their ideas, no estimate of their backing. A subject of the first importance has been casually thrown away.

A reviewer is not expected to mention anything so mundane as the price of books. But surely someone is expected to buy them; and even these days two guineas is twice as much as one. Dr. Maccoby's book has 540 pages and no pictures. It costs almost twice as much as the book by Professor Dodds, which has 509 pages and 192 illustrations. The economics of this are difficult to understand.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

## NEW NOVELS

**Mr. Pye.** By MERVYN PEAKE. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
**The Alien Sky.** By PAUL SCOTT. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
**The House of Gair.** By ERIC LINKLATER. *Cape.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
**The Dove on His Shoulder.** By BERNARD GLEMSER. *Cresset Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

"Anything may happen! Anything may happen!" mutters ceaselessly a tragic house-painter in one of Chekhov's stories. And that is the fundamental trouble with Mr. Peake's new fantastic novel, *Mr. Pye*, which although it is the most unusual and, in a way, ambitious of this week's four is also its biggest failure.

It is the story of the descent on the island of Sark of one Mr. Pye, a paunchy middle-aged evangelist radiant with love and the conviction that he will convert all its inhabitants to the religion of the Great Pal; of his success, the consequent growth on his shoulders of a pair of wings, and his distressed attempts thereupon to sin as thoroughly as he has done good; and of the even more alarming results of that issuing in his final strange departure. Now this is clearly a plot with a rich potential of comedy. But Mr. Peake completely throws away the opportunity he has provided himself with; and this, it seems to me, because he has failed to appreciate just what the purpose and the consequent limitations of fantasy are. He seems to have assumed that the writer of fantasy gets an automatic passport out of our familiar world of cause, effect and solid obstacle; he doesn't seem to have sensed that fantasy is only justified—only comes off—when it uses its freedom to discover a new logic in which the uses and abuses of our world are still in some way mirrored.

Mr. Peake's island of Sark has no substance, the events that take place on it have no logic, at all. In the first place Mr. Pye himself is never clearly presented—one minute he has human longings and frailties, the next minute he is clearly no more than a puppet acting according to an idea in his creator's mind, a half-allegorical figure influencing half-realistically and half-allegorically the equally unreal inhabitants of Sark, who appear in sequences of brief facetious sketches. And the natural phenomena of the island are lunatic: they are responsible only to Mr. Peake's curious whimsy. Throughout, in fact, Mr. Peake just holds on to the string of a ballooning fancy and lets it take him where it will. Anything may happen—and so nothing that does happen has any meaning.

All this is the sadder because one can see what a successful story Mr. Peake could have made out of it had he done one thing—namely, made his "natural" characters grittily real, and used the strictly fantastic happenings to strike, as they could have done deliciously, a satirical comedy and pathos out of them. One feels the narrative yearning all the time to do this. But it doesn't; it remains on the one flat level of unreality; so for all its odd ingenuity and its vivid quaint imagery, it can only be described as an exasperating piece of work.

Nothing could be more different than Mr. Scott's *The Alien Sky*, which is as objective a piece of fiction as Mr. Peake's is subjective. It is really no more than a panorama of characters and their different reactions to the break-up of the world they belong to—the Chekhovian situation of a little colony of British residents in India a few months before the end of the British administration. Nothing externally very dramatic happens during the week covered by the novel; one just sees, in turn, the Army widow, the farmer with a passion to found an

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Whether as *Manchester Guardian* correspondent in Moscow or *Daily Telegraph* correspondent in Washington, his reporting has been pungent and unorthodox. Among other books, he has written a biography of Samuel Butler, with whom he shares a capacity to see beyond the obvious. Also, he has indulged his passion for contemporary social history by producing a study of that so curious decade, the Thirties. Before coming to *Punch* he lived with affairs as Deputy Editor of the *Daily Telegraph*.

*In this week's Punch, on page 418, Muggeridge will give "Advice to M.P.s" on the lines of his recent "Advice to Diplomats", which attracted such admiring comment from America's Life Magazine.*

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efficient native agricultural colony, the Anglo-Indian women who seem to belong nowhere anyway, grope tense and bewildered, a little nearer to a realisation of what is going to happen to each of them. When Mr. Scott stirs about in their subconscious, as he is sometimes tempted to do, he is not entirely at his ease, but otherwise his account of them all and their lurid setting is very sharp and convincing. Only the American visitor, whose neurotic quest in the cantonment unlocks their secrets, is a rather contrived and sketchy figure—a skeletal key, as it were.

The two remaining books offer the critic nothing to discuss beyond the mechanics of entertainment: is the merry-go-round fast and reliable? They belong to that class of novels whose pleasure lies in the complete equanimity with which one can contemplate the bizarre iniquities and interesting disasters that they describe. Mr. Linklater's latest, *The House of Gair*, could generously be called a leisurely book (in gratitude, for example, for the way he pauses, after describing a girl's hair as "flame-of-onyx," to list the other red-heads—"carrot-hue, ginger truculence, dry grass on fire and the dirty tinker-red"). But I'm afraid it would be truer to say that it is really a rather large setting for a quite small stone. The latter is an old man, living in a Scottish castle, who has put his talent for writing silky satire to most profitable unliterary uses—and is charming to meet here. But the comings and goings on his own business of the dull author who tells the tale are rather wearing—and when he unloads on us all the details of a novel of his that he couldn't finish, we rather feel that we know where *The House of Gair* began.

*The Dove on His Shoulder* is a flippant piece about a young American pacifist crusading in London who gets involved in a very violent and disillusioning set-up. When Mr. Glemser is trying to be purely funny about the poor man's adventures one regrets for his sake that he should have strained so hard for such obvious effects; but when the tough stuff starts over half-way through the book it *does* become funny, and then one regrets it for one's own.

DERWENT MAY

## ENCOUNTER—WITH WHAT?

**Encounter.** Edited by STEPHEN SPENDER and IRVING KRISTOL. No. 1. 2s. 6d.

**The Captive Mind.** By CZESLAW MILOSZ. *Secker & Warburg.* 18s.

On the necessity of a literary magazine of some amplitude we are all agreed; and nice people don't look gift-horses in the mouth. And yet, isn't that what invariably happens to gift-horses as soon as the donor's back is turned? *Encounter* comes to us by courtesy of the Congress for Cultural Freedom, an American-financed body whose chairmen are Jaspers, Madariaga, Maritain, Niebuhr and Bertrand Russell—what a field-day for the highbrow autograph-hunter when they meet! But let us, in approved horse-coper's style, pull back this gift-horse's lips. A bit long in the tooth, on the literary side, perhaps? Some pages from Virginia Woolf's diary from 1926 to 1933; a sketch of Ernst Toller by Isherwood, written in 1939; an early essay by Camus. Of sound stock all the same: among other things, characteristic poems by Dr. Sitwell and Cecil Day Lewis, an impression of India by Denis de Rougemont, and—much the liveliest thing in it—two stories beautifully conveying the edge of desperation by Dazai Osamu, a Japanese writer who killed himself in 1948. Still, not by any means a filly. Fifteen years ago, one thinks, it would have given Scott-James's *London Mercury* a decent run for our money but have finished lengths behind the *Criterion*, Eliot up.

But perhaps this is to be unfair. Perhaps—it dawns upon one as one examines the beast more closely—*Encounter* isn't a thoroughbred at all. Indeed, as Leslie A. Fiedler's article, "A Postscript to the Rosenberg Case," and some of the reviews suggest, another strain has got into it which makes it not so much a gift-horse as a stalking-horse. But if so, what is it concealing, and is it likely to bring the hidden hunter into effective range of his quarry? The hunter is anti-Communism, not as represented by Senator McCarthy but by, if it can be imagined, the Third Programme of "The Voice of America." But what is the quarry? That is another matter, and I suspect that the editors of *Encounter* themselves don't know, except in the vaguest way. What are they encountering? Whom is the encounter between?

It happens that a book lies to hand that throws considerable light upon the nebulous battle Mr. Spender and Mr. Kristol have joined: Czeslaw Milosz's *The Captive Mind*. Mr. Milosz, a Polish poet, was in Warsaw throughout the war, entered the diplomatic service of the post-war Polish Government in 1946, and two years ago, when cultural attaché in Paris, came over to the West. His theme is the lot of the intellectual, not so much in Russia itself as in countries like Poland, Czechoslovakia and Hungary, which have traditionally regarded themselves culturally as part of the West, and which have normally been fearful of Russia as the barbarian giant in the rear. Mr. Milosz points out that after the war writers and scholars in these countries had to make a decision, whether to remain at home and work for governments whose philosophy they did not necessarily accept, or whether to migrate to the West (and thereby in most instances to abandon their native language, the one tool of their trade), precisely at the time when psychologically they were split from the experience of the West as by a chasm. These men, Mr. Milosz argues, knew a reality denied to the Anglo-Saxon West because for years they had lived and worked in countries occupied—and often worse—by the enemy. The Warsaw rising of 1944 may be taken as the symbol of the experience and the reality. Mr. Milosz writes:

> A man is lying under machine-gun fire on the street of an embattled city. He looks at the pavement and sees a very amusing sight: the cobblestones are standing upright like the quills of a porcupine. The bullets hitting against their edges displace and tilt them. Such moments in the consciousness of a man *judge* all poets and philosophers . . . The vision of the cobblestones is unquestionably real, and poetry based on an equally *naked* experience could survive triumphantly that judgment day of man's illusions. In the intellectuals who lived through the atrocities of war in Eastern Europe there took place what one might call the *elimination of emotional luxuries.*

To such men, Mr. Milosz contends, the Anglo-Saxon West in 1946, despite its professions of freedom, had nothing to offer except emotional luxuries; its religion was ineffective, its art decadent and cut off from the people. It might in the end triumph, but the Soviet Union was so much nearer and had a philosophy that seemed to work and was, as Mr. Milosz defines it, at least *earthy*.

*The Captive Mind* is a subtle and closely argued work, as valuable in its way, it seems to me, as Alex Weissberg's *Conspiracy of Silence*. And as in that book, one finds oneself in that world first unfolded to Western man by Dostoevsky in *The Possessed*, a world of systematic terror and systematic dissimulation. This comes out brilliantly in the chapter called "Ketman." Ketman, it seems, is an Islamic belief that "he who is in possession of truth must not expose his person, his relatives or his reputation to the blindness, the folly, the perversity of those whom it has pleased God to place and maintain in error." The Soviet-dominated countries, according to Mr. Milosz, are devoted to the practice of Ketman, and the more you cherish your inner doubts, your private reservations about the Soviet Union and the dialectic, the more ardently you conform to their demands. An example: writers, prevented from writing as they wish by the exigencies of Socialist Realism (of which, incidentally, this book gives a clearer account than any I have read elsewhere),

> . . . write children's books so that their fancy may have slightly freer play. Many choose university careers because research into literary history offers a safe pretext for plunging into the past and for converse with works of great aesthetic value.

The Communist intellectual, says Mr. Milosz, becomes a schizophrene; what hope he has is hope of the West, but he will do nothing to translate the hope into reality.

To such men, the propaganda element of *Encounter*, even if it were to reach them, could have nothing to say. The rest of us, I suggest, are sick of propaganda; the propaganda of those against us we may find funny, but the propaganda of our own side is nauseating and may well have an effect precisely opposite to that intended. There is an instance of this in the present *Encounter*, Mr. Fiedler's "A Postscript to the Rosenberg Case." In his effort to show the Rosenbergs as miserable specimens unworthy, as human beings, of the sympathy which they aroused in Europe, Mr. Fiedler succeeded, at any rate where I who know nothing about them am concerned, in bringing them to life as very moving, pitiable figures. "They failed in the end," he says, "to become martyrs or heroes—or even human beings"; his own article proves him wrong.

Well, success and long life to *Encounter*. May it get younger with every issue, and may it leave anti-Communist propaganda to the *Daily Telegraph*.

WALTER ALLEN

## SHORTER REVIEWS

**The Haunted Man: A Portrait of Edgar Allan Poe.** By PHILIP LINDSAY. *Hutchinson.* 16s.

To some people, the narrative of a life like Poe's, so resolutely and monotonously dedicated to the downward path, must seem inevitably tedious—unless, that is, it is given direction and meaning by a diagnosis of its causes. There is always "his genius," of course; but even that, in Poe's case, is not beyond question, and anyway it is, almost by definition, just what there is no accounting for. Mr. Lindsay's diagnosis—it was Poe's trouble, he thinks, that all his women died on him—seems hardly subtle enough to hold the interest. However, interpretation is not really his first concern, which is, rather, to tell the story as thrillingly as he can. And of course, in one way or on one level, given incest and necrophilism and sadism, alcoholism and drug-addiction, he can hardly go wrong.

Mr. Lindsay's style is sometimes obscure—I find it hard to follow when he writes that Poe "is one of the authorities we cannot accept for almost anything"; but for the most part, what with "Thus boldly might she retort," and "pistols for two one cold morning," and "the honour of some fair lady," and "that strumpet Fame," and (several times) "the conqueror worm," his prose is appropriately hectic. We have come to think that the business of giving the public what it wants is a matter of really streamlined and insidious efficiency. Mr. Lindsay, by comparison, makes so few pretensions, or so few that are not disarmingly flimsy, and his technique is so reassuringly ingenuous and old-fashioned, that his book is almost engaging.

**The Reformation of the Sixteenth Century.** By R. H. BAINTON. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 20s.

The late Hendrik Willem van Loon, American liberal, had his own method of writing history: a colloquial style, an urgent concern for freedom, decency and the humane values, and a call to men to promote and defend these things by showing them the heroism and evil deeds of the past. Dr. Bainton has a similar approach, but with greater professional learning (he is professor of ecclesiastical history at Yale Divinity School). Even in its appearance, his vigorous little book belongs to the same tradition; in place of van Loon's pen-and-ink sketches he uses old woodcuts, the origin, he says, of our modern cartoon.

There are dangers for the historian in bold generalisation based on ethical enthusiasm; as in the cartoon, it leads sometimes to over-simplification and even inaccuracy. One feels this more about the earlier part of his book, where he is dealing with the background and the great reformers. But when he gets to what he calls the Free Spirits (Anabaptists,

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I LITTLE thought when I arrived at my friend Borg's house that I was about to see something truly extraordinary, and to increase my mental powers tenfold.

He had asked me to come to Stockholm to lecture to the Swedes about Lister and other British scientists. On the evening of my arrival, after the champagne, our conversation turned naturally to the problems of public speaking and to the great labour imposed on us lecturers by the need to be word perfect in our lectures.

Borg then told me that his power of memory would probably amaze me—and I had known him, while we were studying law together in Paris to have the most deplorable memory!

So he went to the end of the dining room and asked me to write down a hundred three-figure numbers, calling each one out in a clear voice. When I had filled the edge of an old newspaper with figures, *Borg repeated them to me in the order in which I had written them down and then in reverse order, that is beginning with the last number. He also allowed me to ask him the relative position of different numbers: for example, which was the 24th, the 72nd, and the 38th, and I noticed that he replied to all my questions at once and without effort, as if the figures which I had written on the paper had been also written in his brain.*

I was dumbfounded by such a feat and sought in vain for the trick which enabled him to achieve it. My friend then said: "The thing you have just seen and which seems so remarkable is, in fact, quite simple; everybody has a memory good enough to do the same, but few indeed can use this wonderful faculty."

*He then revealed to me how I could achieve a similar feat of memory, and I at once mastered the secret—without mistakes and without effort—as you too will master it tomorrow.*

But I did not stop at these amusing experiments. I applied the principles I had learned in my daily work. I could now remember, with unbelievable facility, the lectures I heard and those which I gave myself, the names of people I met—even if it was only once—as well as their addresses, and a thousand other details which were most useful to me. *Finally, I discovered after a while that not only had my memory improved, but that I had also acquired greater powers of concentration; a surer judgment—which is by no means surprising since the keenness of our intellect is primarily dependent on the number and variety of the things we remember.*

If you would like to share this experience and to possess those mental powers which are still our best chance of success in life, ask L.K. Borg to send you his interesting booklet *The Eternal Laws of Success*—he will send it free to anyone who wants to improve his memory. Here is the address: *L. K. Borg, c/o Aubanel Publishers*, 14, *Lower Baggot Street, Dublin.*

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rationalists, Socinians, etc.), and the effect of the Reformation on civil and religious liberty, political and economic institutions, domestic life, and all that leads up to the modern world, he becomes really critical, informative and stimulating. Though intended for the general reader, this is no potted text-book; it is learning freshly applied to liberal ends.

**Adventures of a Ballet Critic.** By RICHARD BUCKLE. *Cresset.* 21s.

Gossip. Ballet gossip. Amusing and boring by turns, this book is about contemporary ballet, in front of and behind the curtain. Often astute, generally appreciative and always interested, Mr. Buckle shows a lighter and more worldly side of himself than is apparent in his intelligent ballet criticisms in the *Observer*. Not that the critic is absent. Take, for instance, this analysis of Margot Fonteyn: "It is in this lack of idiosyncrasy that Fonteyn is most extraordinary among ballerinas. All but she have a predominant characteristic—which makes them, incidentally, easier to describe. . . But Fonteyn's characteristic is to be so imbued with classical style that she is incapable of exaggeration. Classicism means harmony, proportion and control. Fonteyn is at the still centre of classicism. To watch the co-ordination of her head, arms and torso is to learn a lesson about the nature of art."

There is gaiety and resilience in Mr. Buckle's relations with life, and Life here means Ballet. The trouble about the Life-Ballet attitude is that the trivial becomes so vastly exaggerated, and Metro tickets handled by Alexandre Benois, insults by Dame Ninette de Valois, or hysterical tiffs with Jean Babilee, are all treasured with the care of a lover. Some of Mr. Buckle's behind-the-scene gossip is of historical interest; but there is so much that surfeit is reached about half-way through the book. For the proper understanding of such intimate details it is necessary to know the place and quality of the characters in the ballet hierarchy. For the uninitiated there is far too little explanation. To appreciate the scene where Mr. Buckle is snubbed by Dame Ninette de Valois at the Covent Garden bar ("Now *you* keep *quiet*. You've caused *quite* enough trouble already") either requires that we know de Valois, or that there is a description of her character and her jerkily devastating powers of conversation. The reader is too often left guessing as to the nature of the characters, and characters in ballet society are amusing because of their powerful individuality, and not because of their verbal wit. To sum up the book, one can only say that it is a gift to the balletomane, but a puzzling piece of snobbery to the common reader.

**More Studies in Murder.** By EDMUND PEARSON. *Arco.* 12s. 6d.

The late Edmund Pearson had a considerable gift for re-telling a murder. Grasp of fact, judgment, wit, insight were his; and he brought these to bear, with light impartiality, not only on the murderer going about his business but on gossip and judge going about theirs. The fact that many of the stories have been told before is not at all a disadvantage; like the themes of Greek tragedy, famous murders gain by our knowing in advance who the protagonist is and what his fate. "There was a tennis party, and Major Armstrong was skipping about the court." No need to say *which* Major Armstrong; and soon a "Come, Herbert!" breaks up the game, and the little solicitor goes trotting off. "Bath night!" or "No wine for the Major!" are other comments from the same connubial source; and then, after some play with dandelion killers, the voice is stilled. . . . "Nineteen Dandelions" is a brilliant short story, which yet never goes beyond the facts, and half a dozen more of the "studies" here—of the Green Bicycle, the Moat Farm and others—are on the same high level. New to the English reader may be the case of Maria Barberi who in New York in the Nineties cut her lover's throat, and then on a wave of hysterical sentiment which engulfed newspapers, public, prosecuting counsel, and judge, was triumphantly acquitted. There are 23 of these studies which end, leaving murder, with a delightfully revived Rector of Stiffkey.

**Simone Weil As We Knew Her.** By J. B. PERRIN and GUSTAVE THIBON. *Routledge.* 16s.

Father Perrin and M. Thibon were largely instrumental in bringing the fragmentary writings of Simone Weil before the public eye in the first place. The unsuspecting reader of this book would hardly guess it. M. Thibon's habit of thought is genial, but shadows of disavowal cross even his share of the book, which is the shorter and which adds little to what he told us before. Most of what Fr. Perrin writes can only be read as an attack on Simone Weil, from the point of view of an orthodox theologian. Clearly, the young Franco-Jewish philosopher and mystic's writings were fraught with possibilities of scandal to the Church. Fr. Perrin's bishop may well have felt that Fr. Perrin had given birth to a monster and insisted that he do what he could to repair the damage. That, however, was in France, where the cult is large and Simone Weil's own writings have long been current and much has been said on all sides. It is hard to see the reason for publishing the book in this country.


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Read what you've written, read it through
As if it were addressed to you. . . . etc.

Competitors are invited to compose not more than 20 lines from a similar pamphlet for the use of progressive schoolmasters, gossip columnists, bus-conductors, sergeant-majors, customs officials, competition setters, French premiers, or Gallup pollsters.

**Report by Buzfuz**

And when it comes to writing your report,
Be witty, if you like, but keep it short.
We far prefer to know what others wrote:
Trust your own judgment—go ahead and quote.
(D. L. L. Clarke)

Buffeted by advice from quite half the competitors, the setter can but comply.

*Sergeant-Majors* (two real ones entered):

If, sloping arms, one drops his rifle,
Count twenty, and your feelings stifle.
(H. A. C. Evans)

*Gossip Columnist*

Read *Who's Who*; but let your Bible
Be Blackstone on the Law of Libel . . .
Hold your liquor; charge expenses;
And always check your references. (Lakon)

*French Premier*

Choose your cabinet from Vichy:
Undergrounders *must* be fishy.
Suck up to farmers and small shops,
Give highest price for smallest crops.
Should workers act inimical
All strikes are still political.
(Jean Goujon)

*Progressive Schoolmaster*

Never say "don't"; in our profession
We must encourage self-expression;
And don't say "do," lest you suggest
That children may not know what's best.
(Cyril Bibby)

*Competition-Setter*

Don't take some plum of recent news
And bid your readers fake the views
Of one out of a whimsy list.
(Gerald Priestland)

Invent some useful handicaps
For all those smart recurring chaps
(Their versions in Chinese, perhaps?) (P. M.)

Your brightest comment will not please
So much as "Runners-up were these . . . ."
(Elaine Morgan)

. . . all the above. R. D. Kempner, David M. Walker, G. I. Blundell. Two guineas each to Stanley J. Sharpless and Allan M. Laing; one guinea each to L. G. Udall and Edward Blishen.

TO A COMPETITION-SETTER

To pull in bulging mail-bags of hebdomadal pasticheEntries,
And coax your readers' literary talents off the leash,
Remember that the simplest thing of all for them (and you)
Is that good old-fashioned never-failing ploy, the clerihew;
Of course you'll give the guineas to the witty and the clean ones,
But since they're short there's room to print all but the most obscene ones.
Should you make prose the medium for competitors' inventions,
Quote lots and lots of snippets from the Honourable Mentions,
(The humblest feel the temporary equal of a Greatsman,
When, thanks to you, they see their names in print in THE NEW STATESMAN).
Avoid the charge of favouring an intellectual clique
By distributing your prizes to a different group each week,
Or else the meaner-spirited will think that you incline
To favour Till and Blishen for the sake of Auld Laing Syne.
Don't waste space saying it's been hard to judge; the setter should
Have grasped the fact by now that we are always pretty good.
Be ruthless with all entries overlength or overdue,
And never set a subject that you know would flummox *you*.
STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

Say what you mean in language crystal clear;
For ambiguity makes entrants sneer;
Don't overdo the problem's ingenuity;
This frequently elicits just vacuity;
But think, before the weekly task is set
What kind of answers you may hope to get:
To wait till entries all have trickled in
Before the problem's plain to you 's a sin.
Ere you in judgment sit, awarding pelf,
Why not attempt to solve the thing yourself?

Your wayward inclinations you must force
To ban all forms of prejudice, of course:
Resist the normal impulse of your kind
To snub competitors in fame enshrined;
Yet do not spurn, with one swift, careless glance,
The neophyte: give him another chance;

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Don't split the prize in fifty-two half-crowns.

ALLAN M. LAING

TO A PROGRESSIVE SCHOOLMASTER

If *you* have trouble with *your* id
Then what about a little kid
Unversed in ways that you have trod?
So carefully turn each little sod
Dig deep into each alter ego
Nor daunted be by impetigo
Scrofula or mumps or worms
(These only come in winter terms)
Find out the answer to each "why,"
There is a *reason* for each cry.
You understand and know of sex
Does this your charges moil and vex?
*You* know, when things are in a hash
The only remedy is "SMASH!"
"I want," "It's mine," are normal needs
"You can't," "Don't touch,"—to error feeds,
The youngest heart must have full play
To blossom lively every day
Humanity won't learn its sums,
Through bearing hard on little bums.

L. G. UPALL

TO A BUS CONDUCTOR

From bawling "I'm full up!" refrain
Till less than twenty seats remain:
And don't exclude (unless for fun)
A person over ninety-one.
If someone offers you a note
Don't look as though you'd cut his throat;
Be tolerant of the offence—
And give him all his change in pence.
Don't blindly ring the starting bell:
It's true you're bound to hear the yell
That rises from the thwarted queue—
But then it's nice to see it, too!
And last, don't ever scowl and cuss
When people stop, and board, your bus,
Their view that it exists for them
Accept with philosophic phlegm.

EDWARD BELSHEN

## CHESS: In the Dark

No. 211

This is the title of a forthcoming book by G. Koltanowski on blindfold Chess. *He* should know, having long been the record-holder with 34 games played blindfold and simultaneously. In 1947 Najdorf beat that record by playing 45 games, and of course a good many masters, such as Alekhine, Breyer, Pillsbury, Reti, Sämisch, have frequently played between 20 and 30. It seemed a far cry from that day in Paris 200 years ago when *tout le monde* was amazed about a young man called Philidor who played two games of Chess simultaneously without ever glancing at the boards. He used to play three or four in later life, Morphy played eight, Zuckertort up to 16. It seems that almost anyone with a good memory and a methodical mind can train himself to play a few games blindfold, but great masters such as Lasker and Capablanca have deprecated the practice. It was said that Pillsbury's untimely end was partly due to the strain caused by an excess of blindfold performances; others deny any harmful effect. There can be no doubt, though, about the popular appeal of any such feat of human will power and endurance. Here is a game played blindfold by de Labourdonnais (Black) in Paris, 1836.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| (1) | P-K4 | P-K4 | (10) Kt x R | P-Q4 |
| (2) | P-KB4 | P x P | (11) P x QP | Kt-K5 |
| (3) | Kt-KB3 | P-KKt4 | (12) Q-K1 | P-Kt6! |
| (4) | B-B4 | P-Kt5 | (13) B-Q3 | P x P ch |
| (5) | Kt-K5 | Q-R5 ch | (14) K x P | B-R6 ch |
| (6) | K-B1 | P-B6 | (15) K-Kt1 | Kt x QP! |
| (7) | Kt x BP(7) | Kt-QB3 | (16) Q x Kt ch | Q x Q |
| (8) | P-Q4 | B-Kt2 | (17) B x Q | Kt-K7 mate |
| (9) | P-B3 | Kt-B3 | | |

(16) P x Kt, B x P ch, (17) B-K3, P x P ch, (18) K x P, B-K4 ch, would have been no less neat. An even more wildly complex game was won by Blackburne (White) against an opponent who certainly showed no lack of enterprise. It was played at the old City of London Club in 1871, along with nine others. Blackburne considered it the best blindfold game he ever played.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| (1) | P-K4 | P-K4 | (19) | B-B4 | Q x KtP |
| (2) | Kt-KB3 | Kt-QB3 | (20) | Kt-Q2 | P x P |
| (3) | P-Q4 | P x P | (21) | Kt-B4 | Q-B6 ch |
| (4) | B-B4 | B-B4 | (22) | Kt-K3 | B-Q2 |
| (5) | Kt-Kt5 | Kt-R3 | (23) | K x P | B-R5 |
| (6) | Q-R5 | Q-K2 | (24) | Kt-Q5 | Q-Q6 |
| (7) | O-O | Kt-K4 | (25) | B-Kt6! | R-R3 |
| (8) | B-Kt3 | P-Q3 | (26) | Kt-K6 ch | K-Kt1 |
| (9) | P-KR3 | Kt-Kt1 | (27) | Kt-K7 ch | K-R1 |
| (10) | P-KB4 | P-Q6 ch | (28) | R-R1! | Q-Q8 ch |
| (11) | K-R2 | Kt-KB3 | (29) | Q R x Q | P x R(Q) ch |
| (12) | Q-Q1 | Kt(4)-Kt5 ch | (30) | R x Q | B x R ch |
| (13) | P x Kt | Kt x KtP ch | (31) | K-Kt3 | R-R8 |
| (14) | K-Kt3 | P-KR4 | (32) | B-Q2! | B-R4 |
| (15) | P-B5 | B-K6 | (33) | B-B3 | R-KKt1 |
| (16) | B x P ch | K-B1 | (34) | P-B6 | B x B |
| (17) | Q x Kt!! | P x Q | (35) | Kt x B ch | K-R2 |
| (18) | B x B | Q-K4 ch | (36) | P-B7 | resigns |

**A:** F. Sämisch 1934

It seems only fitting that pride of place in this week's competition should go to a blindfold feat. Sämisch (White) had reached this position in a blindfold game played along with a score of others. His opponent had countered the threat to his Kt by P-Q6, but the blindfold master ignored the threat to his R and went in for (1) B x P, Q x R ch (2) K-K2. Black saw that he could not afford to take the other R and retreated the Q to B3, hoping for safety after (3) P x Kt, Q-K2. It should be easy enough now for beginners to earn their 4 points by seeing how elegantly White concluded the game in a matter of 3 moves. The author of the studies was one of the greatest blindfold performers. **B** would hardly be a bargain for 6 points but for the helpful hint that Black's ingenious efforts to secure stalemate are even more ingeniously thwarted. **C** is also a win for White and well worth 7 points.

**B:** R. Reti 1925

**C:** R. Reti 1928

Usual prizes. Entries by October 26.

## REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set September 26

A: (1) Q-Q8 ch, K x Q, (2) B-KKt5 ch and mates next move. B: (1) R-Q7, R-B8 ch, (2) K-Kt3, K-Kt8, (3) P queens, P queens, (4) Q x Q ch, K x Q (5) K x P, R-B6 ch, (6) K-Kt4, etc. if (1) . . . R-R7 ch, (2) R-Q2, R x R ch, (3) K x R, K-Kt8, (4) P queens, P queens, (5) Q-R7 ch, K-R7, (6) Q-B7 ch, K-Kt7, (7) Q-Kt7 ch, K-R7, (8) Q-Q5 ch, K-Kt7, (9) Q-Kt5 ch, K-R7, (10) Q-B4 ch, etc.
C: (1) R-B7 ch, K-Kt1, (2) R-Kt7 ch, K-R1, (3) B-K8, Kt x P, (4) R x P, Kt-Kt5! (5) B-B7, B-K1! (6) K x Kt, B x B, (7) R-KR6!, B-Q4, (8) K-B5, B any, (9) K-Kt6, etc.
if (4) . . . K-R2, (5) R-Kt1!, etc.

Quite a few competitors stumped by **C**. Prizes shared by C. Allen, G. S. Fisher, M. Kaye, N. McKelvie, J. R. Harman. Equally flawless solutions from E. Allan, D. E. Cohen, A. J. Roycroft, A. Schneider.

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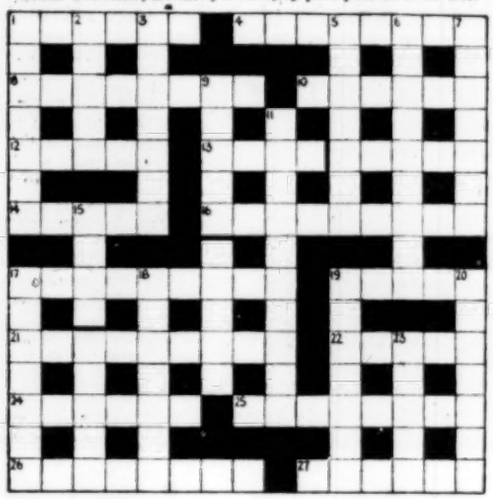
# Week-end Crossword No. 70

*Prizes: Three book tokens of 10s. 6d. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 70, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on 27th Oct.*



## ACROSS

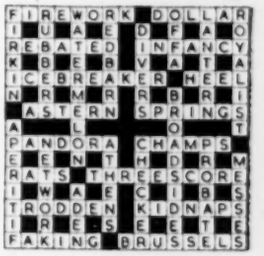
1. A Yorkshire seat (6).
4. The problem of a girl caught between two men (8).
8. Gloomy about the actors (8).
10. Without a drink it would be impossible to declare the winner (6).
12. Place for the useless woman with low frequency (5).
13. Mother comes in to change for school (4, 5).
14. It is a sweet thing to make fun of us in return (5).
16. Singled out for the dear maker perhaps (9).
17. Eminences as great as rulers? (9).
19. A narrow piece for the landing (5).
21. It is plain there are no trees here (9).
22. One may have her for tea (5).
24. Pieces of good fortune do not seem to come singly (6).
25. With a battery one may often find one of these (8).
26. Printer's pie moves fast (8).
27. Made a home in a street surrounded by poverty (6).

## DOWN

1. Our near ones may discover us in varied poses (7).
2. Subject for an autobiography? (5).
3. A match for the star (7).
5. The problem of a novel with a cover on upside down (7).
6. Government pursuing a policy of protection? (9).
7. Penetrated the east on a donkey about three times (7).
9. Associations of young pen pals? (5, 5).
11. Openings for a doctor in obliterations (10).
15. Sport from promiscuous loves with lodgers (4, 5).
17. The tops, I am in the most important matches (7).
18. Cheer what the boxer may do at the end of the fight (7).
19. The top hypocrite after Joseph (7).
20. Piano, temporarily owned, gave delight (7).
23. Divide up the port (5).

SET-SQUARE

*Solution to No. 68*


FIREWORK DOLLAR
I U A E D F A O
REBATED INFANCY
K B E B V A T A
ICEBREAKER HEEL
N R M R R B R I
ASTERN SPRINGS
A L O T
PANDORA CHAMPS
E E N T H D R M
RATS THREESCORE
I W A E C I B S
TRODDEN KIDNAPS
I R E S E E T E
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PRIZEWINNERS TO No 68

*Miss E. Anderson* (*Wigan*), *Mrs. E. Vernon* (*King's Lynn*), *Miss E. Mitchell* (*Comber, Co. Down*).


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VACANCIES for young people & students, 6*s.* 6*d.* nightly, 35*s.* weekly. Bed & breakfast; share. LAD. 3104.

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PLEASANT bed-sitters with bkfast., evng. snack, Sunday lunch. 2 mins. Highgate Und. Prof. family. 47*s.* 6*d.*-3*gns.* Box 2012.

ATTRACTIVE bed-sitting rooms with linen, service and gas rings, to let to permanent tenants in spotlessly clean establishment near Notting Hill Gate (off Kensington Park Rd.). Singles from £2 10*s.*, doubles £4 10*s.* p.w. Bkfst. if reqd. PARk 8584.

LARGE comf. furn. bed-sit. rm. Hampstead. All convens. £2 10*s.* MAI. 6163.

NEWLY furn. 2-3-roomed Balcony flat. Every convenience, h. & c. Superior house. Opp. W. Finchley Tube. HILlside 4861.

SUNNY lge. bedsitter. Single gentleman. Meals by arrangement. Tel. MAI. 0061.

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EALING Broadway. 5 mins. Well-furnished s/c suite. Sleep 3. Tel. PER. 4151.

HAMPSTEAD: two communicating furnished bed-sitting rooms to let, facing South; quiet, good library, own telephone, kitchen, bath. PRI. 1363 before 1 p.m.

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## ACCOMMODATION—continued

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PROFESSIONAL woman seeks responsible occupant furnished room Kennington flat. 8 mins. Westminster. Box 2524.

CONTIN. lady (N.W.2 area) offers acc. to cultured, middle aged bus. pers. Comf., clean, pleas. Homely atmosphere. Box 2547.

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HIGHGATE. Large pleas. sgle. bed-sit., ground flr., hot water, ckg. facils. Use 'phone, bath, Bendix. £2. MOU. 9782, 8-9 p.m.

FURN. 3-room flat, W. Norwood. £3 p.w. Available Nov. Ring GIP. 0628.

REASONABLY intelligent girl (27) wishes share her St. John's Wood flat, garden, with another. Box 2531.

BELSIZE Park, N.W.3. Attractive attic flatlet for one or two persons. Comf. furn. bed-sit. room (two divans) with small balcony, well-fitted kit., Ewart water heater, lobby. Bathroom next flr. Own phone. Everything for use except linen. 4½*gns.* wkly. for let of 6 mths. longer. Box 2509.

2ND floor furnished flat, kitchen and 2 rooms, 16 Oakington Rd., W.9. Key basement. £2 10*s.* per week. Write Ridler, 84 Chaucer Green, Croydon.

PROF./executive woman is offd. well-furn. divan-rm., flat in quiet garden sq., Kensington. Lift. C'tkr. Cen. htg. Box 2691.

FUR. flat, 2 lge. rms., Earls Ct. Share bathroom. £3. Suit 2 students. Box 2685.

DBLE. bed-sit. rm., newly dec., all convs., in nice resid. area. GLA. 9895.

HIGHGATE Woods: beautiful divan-room, well-kept house, 2½*gns.* dble., 45*s.* sgle. Refs. exchd. TUDor 8207 after 6 p.m.

LONDON: Accommodation with breakfast. H. & C., television, comf., recommended. 75 Hillfield Park, N.10. TUDor 3259.

SMALL, clean, sunny pied-à-terre offered to respectable man. Light brkfsts. cond. Convenient pos. 25*s.* Tel. BAY. 6489. Evgs.

WELL-furn. double bed-sitting-room, use kit., elec. light, hot water supplied. Five minutes from Tube station Notting Hill Gate. Apply 75 Ladbroke Rd. Tel. BAY. 7534.

NW.2. Sunny spacious furn. sgle. bed-sit. rm. 2*gns.* All convens. WIL. 1644.

TO let: Small charming flat for one quiet lady, partly furnished, in private house, 3rd floor, overlooking Hyde Park. 73*s.* 6*d.* per week. Box 2662.

SELSEY, Sussex. Tiny white weather-boarded cottage on edge of sea, available till end March. Exposed position but warm and comfortably furnished. 3 bedrooms, living-room, bathroom, kitchen, sun porch. All mains. 2½*gns.* weekly, for whole period. Verney, Runwick House, Farnham, Surrey.

## ACCOMMODATION—continued

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YNG. woman journalist desires sgle. or dble. flat, furn. or unfurn. (no prem.); pref. in Kensington, Hampstead or St. John's Wood. Or would share. Mod. rent. Box 2350.

PROFESSIONAL woman worker, middle-aged, active, seeks rooms (or bed-sitting-room) in Oxford during vacations: i.e., Dec. 22-Jan. 19, April 9-May 4, and for 3 or 4 weeks between July 27 & Sept. 21. Use kitchen & bathroom; no attendance. Box 2457.

HAMPSTEAD area. 3 prof. bus. girls require s/c. furn flat. 3 single bedrms. Would decorate if required. Box 2514.

UNF. house/garden flat, 5 rooms, kitchen, bath. London area. BAY. 7865.

3 (or 4) students seek furnished flat or joint rooms. Where costs can be reduced to minimum. Ckg. facil. Single beds. Box 2695.

WANTED by professional man, fairly central quiet semi-furnished room adjoining kit., with bath possibly shared. Box 2401.

TWO bachelors req. Cen. London furn. flat until Spring. Moderate rent. Box 2581.

UNIV. Lecturer requires s.c. furn. one-bedroom flat, Bloomsbury, Chelsea, Hampstead or adjoining. 4 *guineas* max. Box 2592.

GRAD. & wife anxious find small flat (furn. or semi-furn.). Quiet house in Regent's Park district. Box 2597.

## BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

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CONTENTS of October Plebs. "Mau-Mau—and the Luddites," by J. F. Horrabin; "Danish Trade Union Movement," by Eiler Jensen; "Visit to Norway," by Arthur Maddison; "The Guv'nors' Education," by Len Burch; "Nationalisation and a Sense of Perspective," by Fred Mulley, M.P.; "Intolerance at Manchester University," by J. P. M. Millar; "This Wicked World," by J. P. M. Millar; "Revealing the Truth," by Frank Allaun. "Plebs" costs 6*d.*, by post 7½*d.*, or 7*s.* per year. From the N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

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## APPOINTMENTS VACANT

*The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.*

B.B.C. requires Senior Drama Producer in Leeds. Work involves studio production of plays and other dramatised programmes, critical appreciation and adaptation of scripts, administrative work of running Drama Department in North Region, arranging auditions, etc., and advising Head of Programmes on drama output schedules. Candidates must be fully qualified in production work, either radio or stage, and have a comprehensive knowledge of contemporary developments in the drama world. Creative ability in writing scripts an advantage. Salary £1,000 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional), rising by 5 annual increments to £1,330 maximum p.a. Applications to Assistant Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "127 N.Stm.," within a week. For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in History. Candidates should have special interest in Modern European History. Salary (on a scale £500-£1,100 per annum with membership of F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowances Scheme. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience. Applications should be sent not later than October 31, 1953, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

THE Monopolies and Restrictive Practices Commission. The Commission invite applications for executive posts on their staff. The salary scales for these posts are at present: Junior Executive Officer—men, £288 to £734; Women, £286 to £592. Higher Executive Officer—men, £805 to £968; women, £680 to £827. In addition there is for the time being an Extra Duty Allowance of 8 per cent. of the salary. The nature and scope of the Commission's work may be judged from their published reports which can be seen at most public libraries. The work of executive officers consists largely in collecting and assembling information from a variety of sources and preparing it for the Commission. Ability to draft well and to write accurate précis is important. A University degree would be an advantage, but is not essential. Some experience of economic or industrial affairs is desirable. Applications giving age, educational qualifications, and experience, should be addressed to: The Establishments Officer, Monopolies and Restrictive Practices Commission, 3, Cornwall Terrace, Regent's Park, London, N.W.1.

SOLICITOR required by a large industrial corporation for a post in their Legal Department in London. Applicants must be young men keenly interested in commercial work and litigation, and with the necessary ability and determination to rise to the highest posts in the Department. The best qualifying experience for the post is articles or service with a first-class firm having a large commercial or common law practice. The starting salary will be between £640 and £800 and a satisfactory applicant can expect advancement when he has proved his worth. The post will be superannuable. Write, giving full particulars of age, education, qualifications and previous experience (with dates) and National Service, quoting this paper to Box 2573. Original testimonials should not be enclosed. Closing date October 31, 1953.

SOCIAL Workers (Women, unestablished) required by Ministry of Labour and National Service. Must have good social science qualifications, preferably University Graduates with appropriate training and experience for two vacancies at Industrial Rehabilitation Unit. Senior post duties advisory and research work. Salary range (45½-hr week) £647-£782 p.a. inclusive; for other vacancy, the duties involve case work, general welfare and rehabilitation. Salary range (45½-hr week) £521-£647 p.a. (approx.). Write, giving date of birth, education, full details of qualifications and experience of posts held (including dates), to Appointments Officer, Ministry of Labour and National Service, 1-6 Tavistock Square, W.C.1, quoting E.D.896, by October 30, 1953. No original testimonials should be sent. Only candidates selected for interview will be advised.

ST. James Hospital Management Committee (Group 49), South West Metropolitan Region. Applications are invited for the post of Senior Psychiatric Social Worker (Grade II) at the appropriate Whitley Council Salary Scale, viz., £560 × £20–£660. The duties of the appointed candidate will be mainly to undertake clinical case work under the direction of the Consultant Child Psychiatrist. An in-patient unit for the observation and treatment of children suffering from emotional disorders is attached to the department. Preference will be given to applicants with previous experience of case work and also to candidates who are interested in either teaching or research. Candidates must possess a recognised qualification. Applications stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names and addresses of two referees should be forwarded to the Physician Superintendent, St. James Hospital, Portsmouth, as soon as possible

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PHILIPS Electrical Industries, Ltd., have the following vacancies: Plant Personnel Officer at a new factory to be opened shortly in the North of England. This is a pioneer position and the department will be expected to cover the whole range of the personnel management function. The factory will eventually employ about 1,500. This vacancy is only open to men. Ref. A.1. Personnel Officer at a large plant in the London area. The officer will report to the Plant Personnel Officer but will be specially responsible for assisting technically qualified junior managers with the personnel aspects of their work. A mature man is required in the sense that he grasps the significance of social change and appreciates its resulting responsibilities falling upon men already taxed by the technical problems facing a rapidly developing industry. Ref. C.1. Central Personnel Department. There is a vacancy for a Senior Assistant, who while working as a member of a team, would have special responsibilities for salary and grading control throughout the group. There is a well-developed salary policy and the company is anxious to keep it advanced and up-to-date. A man is preferred for this vacancy but a woman with suitable qualifications and experience would be considered. Ref. D.1. The company is anxious to fill all these vacancies with people of considerable experience who are forward looking and keenly interested in the work. Breadth of experience rather than specialist knowledge is especially desirable for the first two. Applications should be sent, quoting appropriate Reference, to Mr. D. F. Hutchison, Central Personnel Department, Philips Electrical Industries, Ltd., Century House, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.

CITY of Birmingham. Public Health Department. The Health Committee invite applications for the post of Social Worker in the Psychiatric Social Service. Applicants must be in possession of a Social Science Degree or Diploma and with experience with adult case work. Preference will be given to those who hold in addition a Mental Health Certificate. Salary, A.P.T. III (£525 × £15—£570 per annum). The appointment is subject to the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937, and the successful applicant will be required to pass a medical examination. The appointment will be terminable by one month's notice on either side. Applications stating qualifications, age and experience, to be sent to the Medical Officer of Health, Public Health Department, Birmingham, 3, not later than October 24.

SHEFFIELD Association of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs. Organising Secretary, preferably woman, wanted soon after December 1 as possible. Varied experience in administration, youth club work, ability to organise Training Courses and experiments in informal education essential. Salary £550 × £25–£750, starting according to experience. Application with full details and names and addresses of two references to the Chairman, S.A.M.C. & G.C., Church House, St. James' St., Sheffield, 1, by October 31.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Workers with not less than two years' experience since qualification required by the London County Council (i) to have charge of a section of the work dealing with the provision of domiciliary care and after-care of persons suffering from psychiatric illness and (ii) to deal with the social work in connection with residential schools for maladjusted children. Whitley Council salary for persons with recognised mental health certificate, £500–£640 plus London weighting. Particulars and application form from the Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.1), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. Last day October 31.

ESSEX County Council. Applications invited from men and women for post as Assistant Archivist in Essex Record Office. Candidates should have an appropriate university degree (or other suitable qualification) and practical archive and research experience in local records. Duties will include cataloguing, calendaring, etc., under supervision of County Archivist. Salary will be in accordance with qualifications and experience of person appointed, but will not exceed £540 a year. Further particulars of conditions of service can be obtained on request. Applications, in own handwriting, stating particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience should be sent to County Clerk, County Hall, Chelmsford, as soon as possible, with copies of not more than three recent testimonials, which will not be returned. Canvassing forbidden.

ANGLO-ISRAEL Chamber of Commerce. Applications are invited for the post of General Secretary. Candidates should have a knowledge of Hebrew and be conversant with economic and commercial conditions in the United Kingdom and Israel but intelligence, administrative, negotiating and drafting ability together with a capacity to mix easily are of prior importance. The remuneration payable will be commensurate with the responsibilities involved and the successful candidate will be required to take up his duties before the end of the year. Applics. marked "General Secretary" should be addressed in first inst. to Anglo-Israel Chamber of Commerce, 46 Seymour St., London, W.1.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY College of Leicester. Applications are invited for an Assistant Lectureship in Chemistry. Salary £450–£500–£550 p.a., according to qualifications and experience. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, to whom applications should be sent by Saturday, October 31.

CHILDREN'S Service. Res. Deputy Warden (woman) required, 30, Abercorn Place, St. John's Wood, N.W.8 (after-care hostel accom. 21 girls, 15-18 yrs.). Applics. should have real interest in adolescent girls, domestic experience and ability to organise elementary housecraft instruction. Youth Club and/or Social Science Diploma (or equivalent) an advantage. Salary: £450 × £12 10s.–£512 10s. less £94 0s. 8d. for board, etc. Accom.: furn. bed-sitting room. Applic. form and details (s.a.e.) from Children's Officer (CH.A2 1084), L.C.C., County Hall, S.E.1.

QUALIFIED Case Worker, also act as Assistant Secretary to the Council. Salary in the region of £500. Full particulars on application to Gen. Sec., Sheffield Council of Social Service, 155 Norfolk St., Sheffield 1.

ORCHARD Dene, Rainhill, Liverpool. A Short-Stay Home for Mental Defective Children. Applications are invited for the post of Matron. Qualifications: S.R.N. with experience in general administration and the care of mental defectives and a genuine interest in this type of child. Applications are also invited for the post of Deputy Matron. Qualifications: S.R.N. and experience in the care of children. Salaries according to recognised scales and experience. Applications for either post with full details together with the names of 2 referees within 14 days of this advt. to: Sec., Residential Services Department, 39 Queen Anne St., London, W.1.

COMMERCIAL Manager, English or Italian but fluent in both languages, for a progressive post in Italy. The right man will be upwards of 30, have held similar job in England or Italy, have knowledge of Italian com., ind., and dom. markets, plus knowledge all aspects selling. He must also want constant sales expansion with consequent salary increase. Write fully stating age, education, industrial and commercial experience, giving list of companies with which employed & positions held. Applics. treated in confidence and acknowledged. "C.M.E.," c/o Dixons, 1-9 Hills Place, Oxford St., W.1.

IMPORTANT firm of import-export merchants established in Aden require a Secretary (woman) for one of their Directors. Really first-class qualifications and experience essential; some knowledge of French an advantage. Excellent salary and prospects for the right person, who is prepared for hard work and long and often irregular hours. Two years' contract at outset, followed by three months' leave on full pay. Write, giving full particulars, to A. Besse & Co. (London), Ltd., 106, Weston St., London, S.E.1.

LONDON Merchants seek highly qualified Chemical & Pharmaceutical Departmental Manager conversant with international trading conditions, Eastern and barter business. Good profit participation, permanent position. Apply Secretary, J. C. Gilbert, Ltd., Columbia House, Aldwych, W.C.2.

PRODUCTION Manager, youngish, required by medium-sized firm of Calendar, Diary and Greeting Card Publishers in Central London. Organising ability and good educational background essential. Apply giving full details & testimonials. Box 2548.

THE S.O.S. Society invite applications for the post of Trainee Assistant Wardens in their hostels for men and boys in London. Commencing salary £3 5s. with increase to £4, live in, all found. Pension Scheme for permanent staff and assistance with study for Social Science Diploma. Applications in writing to the General Secretary, 24 Ashburn Place, S.W.7.

OPPORTUNITY for energetic young man to join the staff of a small community opening shortly for maladjusted boys of good intelligence, aged 15-18. The applicant will be required to assist in the informal observation of the group. He should also be capable of assisting in some of the academic work. Naturally, games without over-valuation of same will be a further advantage. The post is residential and excellent quarters are available. Box 2575.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Director of the British Institute of Florence. The post carries no salary but the Director's flat in the Palazzo Antinori is rent free with certain allowances. Reply stating age and qualifications to the Chairman, British Institute of Florence, 3 Wyndham House, Sloane Square, London, S.W.1.

OPENINGS exist for men between 21 and 30 to train as General Secretaries. First essentials: sense of Christian vocation, good education, leadership ability in religious, social educational and physical activities with youth. Write, giving particulars of experience and qualifics., to Personnel Sec., National Council of Y.M.C.A.s, 112 Great Russell St., W.C.1.

COOK, resident, reqd. for Jewish Board of Guardians' Hostel for 15 young working girls. Responsible position. School child would be welc. Apply with refs. to Matron, 167 Queen's Drive, Finsbury Park, N.4.

ASSISTANT Producer with exper. as Stage Director required for Toynbee French Players. Tel. Pierre Lefevre: Park 7236.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker required. Must hold approved Mental Health Certificate. Salary £470 (at age 27) rising to £560 per annum plus London Weighting. Possession of car would be an advantage. Write giving details of age, experience, qualifications and names of three referees to Physician Superintendent, St. Bernard's Hospital for Nervous and Mental Disorders, Southall, Middlesex. Closing date 14 days after appearance of this advertisement.

TRAVEL Service requires assistant for Foreign Travel Department; shorthand-typing & good head for figures essential; knowledge foreign languages and Continental travel experience advantage. Box 2270.

SHORTHAND-typists. Copy typists. Attractive full-time temporary work (hrs. 10-5), or part-time by hour, day, wk. High rate of pay. Josephine Hall & Partners, 501 Grand Bldgs., Trafalgar Sq. W.C.2. WHI. 5392/6412.

COPYWRITER. Applications are invited for the position of copywriter in the advertising department of leading photographic firm near London. Experience advantageous but not essential. Age not above 30. Non-contributory pension scheme. Apply Box 2674.

PART-Time secretary required for mornings, Westminster. Shorthand-typing and knowledge of French if possible. 4s. an hour. Write Lady W., Box 2489.

TRADE Union General Secretary, office Central London, requires private secretary; verbatim speeds, knowledge of Labour Movement essential. Apply Box 2650.

EAST London Children's Moral Welfare Committee Assistant Worker (woman) required, age 25-35. Social Science and experience an advantage. Salary according to experience. Box 2434.

CASEWORKER (Male) required for work with problem families. Apply stating age, qualifications, to Family Rehabilitation Service, 71 Vallance Road, E.1.

INTERESTING job. Anglo-American organisation. Sec.-Sh.-typ. with initiative. Write stating age, exp., sal. reqd. Box 2656.

WANTED: an experienced middle-aged resident house-keeper. Apply with references, the Warden of the Indian Y.M.C.A., 41 Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

DOMESTIC Staff. Five Cities Bureau, 90a George St., London, W.1. WEL. 3897.

BURNETT'S for the Best Jobs! and they take such a personal interest in you too! Advertising, Architects, Films, Gowns—they have jobs in all these, for educated young ladies. Call Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1., and see for yourself! GER. 9911.

## APPOINTMENTS WANTED

LADY, 32, English, good general education & command of English language, excellent memory, good appearance & speaking voice, travelled, knowledge book-keeping, typing, shorthand, some experience of staff and hotel management, seeks job. Anything considered where intelligence, interest and some responsibility are required. Box 2538.

SECRETARIAL post reqd. by efficient correspondent (male, pensioner), Portuguese, Spanish, French, German Sh.-typist. Part- or full-time. Moderate salary. Box 2213.

EXPERIENCED publishing and literary work, also former employment officer; university education, German, French, typing. Woman, 40, seeks post. Box 2536.

EDUC. lady, 17 yrs.' bus. exper. & library admin., gd. typ., accounts, reqs. interesting post part/full-time. Box 2520.

INTELLIGENT young lady, fluent French, Italian, seeks work, social/cultural travel organisation. Box 2403.

YOUNG lady seeks employment antiques or bookshop to learn trade. £3 weekly min. Box 2400.

EXPERIENCED secretary free occasionally. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

FRENCH girl, 20, seeks job London, domestic, pref. mother's help. Gautier, 3 Avenue Californie, Nice.

YOUNG man, full exper. export incl. travel, seeks position London, full or part-time. Qualifics. incl. initiative, excellent Portuguese, Spanish, German & scientific background, wide interests. Box 2522.

AMBITIOUS yng. man, speaks German, French, at present in rut, sks. position with prospects. Intstd. in anything with future. Hobbyhorse: Furn., Int. Design. Box 2511.

ECONOMICS grad., ex-Intelligence Corps, 27, after 2 yrs.' business exp., sks. more absorbing & satisfying post. Box 2519.

INDIAN Graduate (22), B. Com. eager to gain business administration, costing, accounting or similar experience. Box 2348.

ACTIVE educated man, 20 years' practical and psychological experience welfare work. Vocational guidance. Home teacher. Normal/sub. adolescents. Seeks post. Willing travel. Very highest refs. Living S. Bucks. Box 2526.

FARMING. Opening reqd. by man (36) wishing return to land. 12 yrs.' exp. mixed farming. Up-to-date outlook. Box 2625.

YOUNG man (34) urg. needs employment after illness. Exper. clerical, bookselling, writing, social work. Box 2541.

**LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 472**

SHORTHAND, typewriting, commercial subjects. Evening crses. Special shthnd. speed classes. Mod. fees. Hall, 502 Grand Bldgs., Trafalgar Sq., W.C.2. WHI. 5392.

TOUCH-TYPEWRITING in 12 private lessons. Peggy Sutton: FLA. 7967 p.m.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.); London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees; Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

EXPERT Tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte playing.—Leschetizky Method, Tanya Polunin, L.R.A.M. BAY. 2816.

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JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24 hour duplicating service. 11 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5809.

**PERSONAL**

FOSTER home wanted in or nr. Wilts. for lively boy of normal intelligence who needs special understanding and encouragement because of disfiguring physical defect. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Trowbridge, Wilts.

HOME in lovely country house adjoining Market Town in Yorkshire Dales with progressive open-air people. Would best suit widow or person with child. Reasonable democratic terms. Box 2515.

ADVERTISER seeks vegetarian family interested in semi-communal life on economic and creative basis. Write Box 2469.

TWO young college-educ. women seek new venture anywhere, tog. or sep. Knowledge French, German. Sh./typing. Box 2456.

TUITION required in Pottery, Clay Modelling, and/or Painting, Drawing. N.W. London. Box 2380.

MENTAL Fatigue is Physical! You can relieve it by Ilona Ghero's scientific quick method of Remedial Relaxation. Re-education. Massage Medic. refs. 5 Regent's Court, N.W.1. PAD. 3858.

FRENCH and German taught by qualified teacher. Sarah Herling, Ph.D. 7 Brondesbury Villas, N.W.6. Tel. Maida Vale 4657.

**PERSONAL—continued**

EDUC. man, age 60, offers services to school, convalescent home, guest house or sim. Accounts, garden, etc. Accom. unfurn. wife & self, small salary. Box 2585.

EXPD. translator/abstractor/interpreter from French, Span., Ital., free part-time or short period engagements. Box 2517.

BELGRAVIA. 2 empty rooms suit. private office. Enquire SLO. 8230 evgs. 6-7.

WOMAN 35, daughter 5, seeks London accom., reas. rent, would help with child, housework, sectl., driving. Box 1615.

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DRAMATIC Societies, Managements or Authors can stage Productions or Tryouts at Irving Theatre, Irving St., W.C.2.

**PERSONAL—continued**

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SMALL cottage reqd. from Dec. 5 for one or two weeks, Cornwall or countryside. Fully furn., linen, crockery, &c. Box 2427.

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VIVID portraits by good painter. 15-30gns. Write Box 2534.

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THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

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LAKE District. Magnificent mountain and lakes. Wastwater. Sea & golf at Seascale. Billiards, Table Tennis, Licd. Irton Hall Hotel, Holmrook, Cumb. Holmrook 42.

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## ENTERTAINMENTS

TH. Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 1075. Tu.-Fri. 7.45, Sats. 6 & 8.30, Sun., Oct. 18, Mems. only 7.45. The Troublemakers.

PRINCES Tem. 6596. Grete Wiesenthal's Vienna Ballet. Oct 19-31 at 8. Mat. Wed. 2.30, Sat. 5.30, 8.30. 2 weeks only.

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Last 2 days 5.0 & 8.0. Marcel Cornelis. Mems.

UNITY Theatre (EUS. 5391.) "The Rosenbergs." Weds.-Suns. 7.30, Mems. 2s. 6d. p.a. Admission 2s. 6d.-5s. 6d.

IRVING, Leicester Sq. WHI. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon.) 10.30, Sun. 9.30. "Sing for Your Supper" (Second edition), a topical intimate Revue. Licd. till midn't. Mems. 5s.

FOREIGN Plays Festival. Sunday, Oct. 25. Victor Rietti, Robert Rietti, Pirandello's "Giacomino." Mems. Bookings GLA. 2692.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until Oct. 18: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (A); "Partie De Campagne" (A), "Night Mail" (U). From Oct. 19: "Metropolis" (A).

NAT. Film Theatre, Sth. Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., Oct. 17. Preston Sturges' "The Lady Eve" with Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to public.

PEOPLE'S Pal. ADV. 3520. Sun., Oct. 18, 7.30. "Manon" (X) (French).

PULLMAN Cinema. Opp. Herne Hill Sta. BRI. 3153. Glass Mountain (A). Sun. for 7 days: The Young & The Damned (X).

CONWAY Hall, W.C.1. Soviet Films. "People's Festival" (prize-winning amateur artists at the Bolshoi Theatre), "Wild Life in the Daghestan Mountains", "Olympic Champions in Berlin." 7.30, Sat., Oct. 24. Tkts. 1s. 6d., 2s. from Ed. Cttee.; British Soviet Friendship Society, 36 Spencer St., E.C.1. Cash and s.a.e. with order.

THE London Ballet Circle presents an international dance film programme including "Uzbek Dances" (U.S.S.R.), "Wedding at Esce" (Hungary) and International Dances (Youth Rally film), etc. Imperial Institute, South Kensington, Oct. 30, 7.30 p.m. Tickets, H. Humberstone, 8 Carol St., N.W.1. 3s. 6d. each (S.A.E.).

SOCIAL Evening. Balalaika music. Folk dancing. Martin Lawrence will sing. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. From 7.30 p.m., Sat., Oct. 17. Adm. 1s. 6d. (students & S.C.R. 1s.).

OPERA Circle. Sun, Oct. 25, 4 St. James Sq., S.W.1. 8 p.m. Verdi, Luisa Miller intro. by James Robertson with members Sadlers Wells cast. Ann. Sub. £1 11s. 6d. Hon. Sec., 69 Kensington Court, W.8.

## CONCERTS

LOUIS Kentner in a Liszt Recital (Presented by the Liszt Society). Chelsea Town Hall, Tues., Oct. 27, at 7.30. Tickets: 9s., 6s., 3s., at Hall, from Cecil Roy, Ltd. (Ken. 0121), and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1 (Wel. 8418).

ROBERT Masters Quartet. Presented by the Queen Mary Hall Music Club in a Chamber Concert, Wed., Oct. 21, 7.30. Works by Mozart, Schubert, Howells. Reserved seats 4s., 2s. 6d. Box Off. Y.W.C.A. Central Club, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Mus. 7512. (Public Admitted.)

LONDON Philharmonic Arts Club meets every Tuesday at 7.15 p.m. in the Concert Hall of the Indian Students' Union, 41 Fitzroy Square, W.1. Beethoven Piano Sonata Recitals by Denis Matthews (Dec. 8, 15, Jan. 5, 12.). For further details apply: Secretary, L.P.A.C., 53 Welbeck St., W.1.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Association. Musical Evening at the Salle Erard, Great Marlborough St., W.1. Artists: Richard Adeney (flute) and Cyril Preedy (piano). Sunday, October 18 at 7.30 p.m. Members 3s. 6d., Visitors 4s. 6d.

## EXHIBITIONS

FOOTBALL and the Fine Arts Exhibition. Paintings, Sculptures, Water-colours, etc. Prize-winning and other entries submitted for The Football Association's Ninetieth Anniversary Competition. October 21 to November 7. Weekdays 10 a.m.-9 p.m.; Sundays 2-9 p.m. Entrance 1s. Park Lane House, 45 Park Lane, London, W.1.

RENOIR. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open until Oct. 25. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6. Tues., Thurs., 10-8, Sunday 2-6. Admission 1s.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond Street, W.1. Exhibition of Gothic and Early Renaissance Paintings. 10-5, Sats. 10-1.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent work by George Fairley.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State Apartments and King's Private Apartments with Regency furniture and works of art. Open daily 10-5 including Sundays.

TATE Gallery. Paintings by Matthew Smith. A Retrospective Exhibition. Open until October 18. 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Tuesdays and Thursdays 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. Sundays 2 p.m. to 6 p.m. Admission free.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Paintings into Textiles. Oct. 21-Nov. 14. Private View 5.30 p.m. Wed., Oct. 21. The Exhibition will be opened by Mrs. R. A. Butler. Daily 11-6. Closed Sundays.

## EXHIBITIONS—continued

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Exhibitions: Keith Vaughan, Humphrey Spender, Nan Youngman. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Josef Herman.

THE Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Ave., Paintings and Drawings by Bruno Manini. October 11-November 8.

MARLBOROUGH. 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Paintings by Renoir, Sisley, Pissarro, Degas, etc. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

NEW China Exhibition of Books & Periodicals, English translations and Classics. Collet's Book Gallery, 45 Museum St., W.C.1. Until October 28. Daily 11-7. Sundays 2-5. Admission free.

NEW English Art Club: R.B.A. Galleries, Pall Mall East, S.W.1. 10-5 incl. Sats.

EXHIBITION of Architectural Photography, R.I.B.A., 66 Portland Place, W.1. Till Oct. 29. Mondays-Fridays 10-7; Saturdays 10-5. Admission Free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Recent paintings by Michael Ayrton; Bryan Wynter; Gouaches by Graham Sutherland and Aquatints by Michael Rothenstein. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Closes Oct. 31.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. John Martin 1789-1854 Paintings and Drawings. Daily 11-6. Sundays 2-6. Closed Mon. Adm. free.

MODERN Swiss Prints and Drawings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Closes Oct. 17. Fri., Sat. 10-6. Admission free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Zyw. Portraits and Italy by Peter Todd Mitchell. Until November 6.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine under Three Queens—Elizabeth I, Anne, Victoria; Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Recent Paintings by L. S. Lowry. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Sculpture and Paintings by Arthur Berridge. Paintings by John Hart.

IRVING Galleries, 17 Irving St., Leicester Square. Exhibition of Etchings, Engravings and Drawings. Until October 31.

ART Exhibition. Finsbury Art Group Autumn Exhibition of works by members. Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1 (Nr. Sadlers Wells). Wed., Oct. 21-Sat., Oct. 31. 12.30-7.30. Admission free.

## LECTURES AND MEETINGS

R. H. S. CROSSMAN, M.P., speaks at Onward Hall, Deansgate, Manchester, at 3 p.m., Sat., Oct. 17. Adm. 1s. 6d.

McCARTHYISM and America — Hear Scott Nearing, prominent American author, lecturer, Caxton Hall (Court Room), Caxton St., S.W.1. (Nearest Underground St. James's Park). Tues., Oct. 20, 7.30. Disc. Auspices Monthly Review Associates.

TEACHERS for Peace announce a discussion on "The Cold War and the Schools." (Why the Select Committee's Report?) To be opened by Miss Monica Whateley, at Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., at 7 p.m. Tuesday, Oct. 20. Adm. 6d.

LUNCH-Time Discussion: Christopher Hollis, Geoffrey Crowther, Stephen King-Hall, Sydney Bailey on "Problems Facing the British Parliament," Caxton Hall, S.W.1. October 20, 12.30-2 p.m. Tickets (including lunch) 4s. from Hansard Society, 39 Millbank, S.W.1, or at door.

"YOUTH and the Club Movement." A lecture will be given by Basil Henriques, C.B.E., J.P., for St. Marylebone Public Libraries, at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Monday, Oct. 19, at 8 p.m. Admission Free.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussions in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Oct. 20: R. S. W. Pollard, J.P., "The Future of Capital Punishment." Admission free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group 7.15 p.m. Friday, Oct. 23: B. O. Warwick, "Television is a Menace to Society."

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday mornings at 11 o'clock. Oct. 18: Dr. W. E. Swinton, Ph.D., F.R.S.E., "Science and Responsibility." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m.

END Conscription. Trafalgar Sq. Demonstration, Sat., Oct. 17, 3 p.m. Fenner Brockway, M.P., Stuart Morris, Sybil Morrison, L. J. Cuming (No Conscription Council), Michael Randle, Chair.: Hugh Brock, Organised by Peace Pledge Union, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1. EUS. 5501.

"FACING Africa." Rt. Hon. James Griffiths, M.P., J. Murumbi (Secretary, Kenya Africa Union), P. Strasser, M.P. (Austria). 7.30 p.m., Friday, October 23, Holborn Hall. Admission free. Reserved seats 6d. University of London Association of Labour Students, 8 Gayfere St., S.W.1.

## LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

BRITISH Guiana Mass Meeting. Beaver Hall, nr. Mansion House Station, E.C.4. 3 p.m. Sat., Oct. 17. Speakers include Jennie Lee, M.P., Fenner Brockway, M.P., Peter Kempadoo (Guianese journalist). Chairman: Geoffrey Bing, Q.C., M.P. Adm. 6d. at door.

MR. ATTLEE will be atttending the London Labour Party's Eve-of-Parliament Reunion and Dance at the Seymour Hall, St. Marylebone, on Monday next, October 19. Tickets 4s. on sale at the door.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Wed., Oct. 21, 7.30 p.m., St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. "Socialism & the Social Sciences." Dr. G. Macrae (Lecturer in Sociology at London School of Econs.). 2s.

THE Progressive Business Men's Forum. Sir Robert Boothby, M.P., and the Rt. Hon. P. C. Gordon Walker, M.P., will speak on "Germany and the Future of Europe." Thursday, October 22, 7.45 p.m. Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Visitors 3s. 6d. Ring Mayfair 4245 for reservations.

ABORTION Law Reform Assoc. An important Discussion on the Parliamentary Bill will take place on Wed., Oct. 21, at 7 p.m. in the Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Mr. Douglas Houghton, M.P., and Mr. Joseph Reeves, M.P., will speak. Chairman: Mrs. D. Thurtle.

LONDON Regional Council of Fabian Societies Reception and Conference. "The Problem of Rating." Arthur Skeffington, M.P., L.C.C. and James McColl, M.P., L.C.C. Sat., October 24, St. Anne's Church House, Dean St., W.1. 2 p.m. to 7 p.m. Admission, including tea, 3s. Apply (s.a.e.), Secretary, Flat 6, 2 Hanway Place, W.1.

"HUSBAND as Partner." Any Questions. Married Women's Assocn. on Fri., Oct. 16, 7.30, at Caxton Hall. Rt. Hon. Dr. Edith Summerskill, M.P., Mrs. Mary Stocks, Dr. Stella Churchill, Mr. Ambrose Appelbe, Mr. Cyril Bibby, Mr. Vincent Long. Tkts.: 2s. at door or from 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists: Lectures Suns. 7 p.m., 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2.

CO-OPERATION Overseas. Mr. W. P. Watkins, B.A., International Co-operative Alliance, "Co-operation in Germany." Swedenborg Hall, Bloomsbury Way, W.C.1, October 20, 7.30 p.m. Free. London Co-operative Societies' Joint Education Cttee.

"ZIONISM and the World Situation." I. Elliman. Oct. 21, 8 p.m., at Mapam, 104 Nightingale Road, Clapton, E.5.

LONDON University versus Afro-West Indian Social Soc. presents debate, Sun., Oct. 18, 7 p.m. at 245 Harrow Rd., W.2. "This House moves that our democracy guarantees the best form of liberty."

J. HUTTON Hynd: "How Much Freedom of Speech." At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Pl., W.2. Sun., Oct. 18 at 6.30.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. October 24, at 6 p.m. Monsieur Jean Brun (Alliance Francaise): "Ou va l'homme du 20ème siecle?"

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 5.15 p.m. Sunday, Oct. 18, Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., nr. Victoria Station. Discourse Mr. Maung Maung Ji, M.A. "The Dawn of a New Civilisation."

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Sq., W.C.1. Public lecture Wed., Oct. 21, 6.30 p.m.: "Medicine in the Light of Buddhism": Mr. M. Hames, Read "The Middle Way," the Journal of the Buddhist Society.

PURLEY Progressives. Discussion Group meets last Friday monthly, "Bredure," Church Rd., Kenley. Oct. Siefert on China.

"IS There a Change of Policy in the U.S.S.R.?" H. Fagan, Th. Oct. 22, 55 Aberdare Gdns, N.W.6. 8 p.m. Hamp. BSFS.

YOUTH House, 250 Camden Road, N.W.1. Th., Oct. 22, 7.30. Desmond Donnelly, M.P.: "The Great Chinese Revolution."

DR. V. RAGHAVAN on "Love as Depicted in the Poems and Plays of Kalidasa," Thurs., Fri., Sat., Oct. 22, 23, 24, at 8.15 All welc. No Coll. London Br., Indian Institute of Culture, 62 Queen's Gdns, W.2.

H. J. BLACKHAM (Sec., Ethical Union): "The Problem of Problems." 783 Finchley Rd., nr. Regal Cinema, Golders Green. Sunday, Oct. 18, at 7.15.

"SOVIET Health Services 1953." Dr. B. Kirman. Chair: Dr. P. Hart. Thurs., Oct. 22, 8.15 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Adm. 1s. 6d. (students & S.C.R. 1s.).

"BRITISH Architects in U.S.S.R." Reports from 1953 delegation. A. D. Jones, C. R. Whittaker & others. Chair: A. Ling. Wed., Oct. 21, 7.30 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Adm. 1s. 6d. (students & S.C.R. 1s.).

SHAW Society: "U.S. in Song & Story," 7 Albemarle St., Oct. 26, 7 p.m. Adm. 2s. 6d. or memb. incl. Bulletin 15s. ($2) yearly. Engs.: 45 Steeplestone Close, N.18.

"HIGHER Education in Poland": talk by Brian Simon, Lecturer in Education, Thursday, Oct. 22, 7.30, Polish Cultural Institute, 81 Portland Place, W.1.

SUFI Movement. Wednesday, October 21, 7.30 p.m. Caxton Hall. Lecture by Vilayat Inayat Khan: "Joy in our lives." Followed by a Service of Universal Worship.

## LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled "Creation of Case Law by Tribunals under the National Insurance and Industrial Injuries Acts" will be given by Mr. A. Safford, Q.C., at 5 p.m., on October 27, at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton St., Aldwych, W.C.2. Admission free, without ticket.

WAS Evans Guilty? A Tribune Meeting at Conway Hall, W.C.1, Mon., Oct. 19, 7 p.m. Speakers: Geoffrey Bing, Michael Foot, Leslie Hale, George Rogers and Sydney Silverman. Tkts., 1s. at door. Doors open 6.30.

JUSTICE for Kenya Africans. End the Slaughter. Public Meeting, Holborn Hall, Friday, October 23, 7.45 p.m. Speakers, Jack Stanley, P. M. Koinange, K. H. Digbs, and others. Chairman, Mrs. F. Lasky. Organised by the Kenya Cttee., 86 Rochester Row, S.W.1.

HALF-Term Recreative Course, Oct. 26-30 & Hallowe'en Square Dancing Week-end at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; also Nov. 2-6, followed by "Painting & Living" (Joanna Field & H. Walsby).

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Sun., Oct. 25, 8.15. Lecture "On Producing T. S. Eliot," by E. Martin Browne. Tues., Oct. 27, 8.15. Poetry Reading. Poems by F. T. Prince and poets from Cambridge.

## LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

DEMOCRACY in our Working Lives. Conference Endsleigh Hotel, Oct. 16-18. Programme includes film "Chance of a Lifetime" (Sat.) and International Brains Trust (Sun.). Details: Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

TWELVE Note Music. Lectures and recitals Thurs. at 7.30, beginning Oct. 22. Lecturers: William Mann, Matyas Seiber, Humphrey Searle. Recitals: Maria Lidka (violin), Margaret Kitchen (piano), Emelie Hooke (soprano), Georgina Dobrée (clarinet), Peter Stadlen (piano). Chairman: P. Racine Fricker. Course ticket 10s. Single lecture or recital 3s. 6d. Details from Sec., Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.1 (WATerloo 6872).

"CHALLENGE to the Labour Party." George Woodcock gives first in the Fabian Autumn Lecture series Tuesday, October 20, 7.15 p.m., at Livingstone Hall, Westminster. Tkts. from 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1, and at door.

JAMES Griffiths, M.P., Lord Listowel, Hilary Marquand, M.P., and Eirene White, M.P., speak on colonial and Commonwealth affairs at weekend school October 23-25, at Beatrice Webb House, Dorking, Surrey. Particulars from Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

PROGRESSIVE League Autumn Conference: Nov. 13-15 at High Leigh, Hoddesdon, Herts. "Since Freud Modern Trends." Lectures include "The Analyst's Contribution to Child Development" (Dr. Edna Balint), "The Dynamics of the Group" (Dr. Kraupl Taylor), "Mind and Body in the Reintegration of Personality" (Dr. D. E. Sands) and illustrative film. Applications with full fee (£2 17s. 6d.) to Miss L. Vincent, Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures on "Aspects de l'opinion publique à la fin de l'Empire romain" will be delivered by Professor P. Courcelle (College de France, Paris) at 5.30 p.m. on October 20, 21 and 22 at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1. The lectures will be delivered in French. Admission free, without ticket.

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**LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. on page 471**

**More Classified Adverts. on Pages 469, 470, 471**

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